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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE peculiarly evil result of the Die-hard attack on the India Bill is that it distracts attention from the real dangers. Quite intelligent and progressive people assume that a Bill which so much annoys Lord Rothermere and the *Morning Post* must be good. They watch Sir Samuel Hoare winning each round against Mr. Churchill; they applaud when it proves that the Princes do not after all want to "kill Federation." They forget, as Miss Rathbone urges in an important article which we publish this week, that the real evil is that the British Government is apparently buying the adherence of the Princes by solemnly promising to uphold their indefensible and antediluvian sovereignty. The danger before Sir Samuel's declaration on Tuesday was bad enough; the situation is now far more serious. We hope that the Labour Party will make an explicit declaration repudiating for its part any such reaffirmation of treaties which are only retained because the often corrupt autocracy they guarantee suits our imperial book.

Berlin and Moscow

It is now settled that Sir John Simon will go to Berlin to talk with the German Government. It ought to be no less certain that he will go on to Moscow—and why not, while he is about it, to Warsaw and to Prague as well? Objections have been raised in anti-Bolshevik quarters (and even inside the Cabinet itself, we believe) to the British Foreign Secretary supping with the devil in the Kremlin, and suggestions are made for providing him with a long spoon, if he must. One proposal is that Mr. Eden, or some other Minister, should go on an "exploratory mission"—to prepare the way for Sir John. Or would it be to block the way? This attitude is both offensive and stupid. Soviet Russia is now not only a member of the League, but a very important member, and it is fatuous to suppose that she can be ignored or pushed into the background in any settlement of Europe that is to be worth the paper it is written on. If this settlement is to be sought by way of regional pacts, an agreement confined to Germany and her western neighbours is not enough. It ought to be made clear both in Berlin and in Moscow that Great Britain regards an eastern security pact as not merely desirable, but an essential complement of the western. That does not, of course, mean putting a pistol to Hitler's head. What it does mean is that in the attempt to conciliate Germany there should be no concession of, or misunderstanding about, the vital point of collective security.

The Austrian Visit

The Austrian Chancellor and Foreign Minister have had a good press on their visit to London. That is no matter for surprise. Dr. von Schuschnigg is a respectable person, as dictators go, nor is his particular form of Fascism offensive to ordinary British Tories. Liberals naturally disapprove of him, and Socialists have special

and ample reasons for hostility to his and his predecessor's regime. But even to them he offers excuses. The number of eggs broken to make his omelette, he pleads, was really very small; thousands of his opponents have been pardoned and released, and only 526 Socialists, 118 Communists and 1,627 Nazis are in prison. That may be true; but even if he is not a man of blood, his tyranny remains effective and obnoxious. On the other hand, Dr. von Schuschnigg's Austria, such as it is, seems at the moment a factor of stability in the general agitation of the continent, and few of us, however much we may dislike the regime, want to see it violently disrupted. Dr. von Schuschnigg proclaims as his policy "peace within and without." One need not question his sincerity; he could hardly, unless he were a congenital idiot, meditate anything else. He does not, it is true, play a sovereign part, since he exists largely by the grace of Mussolini. Nevertheless, he has some say in the affairs of Europe, and the exchange of views at Downing Street, if not of the first importance, has doubtless been useful both to him and to us.

Arms and Diplomacy

Reports from Rome suggest that there is a "more hopeful feeling" there about the Abyssinian dispute. It is not very clear what this feeling is based on, and certainly it is not shared in Addis Ababa. Diplomatic negotiations of a sort are continuing, and it may be that Mussolini thinks he can squeeze sufficient concessions out of the Ethiopian Government to satisfy his pride and his appetite. They have given him one small point in dropping their proposal to include a Swede and a Belgian in the frontier demarcation commission. But the "moral and material compensation" for the Wal Wal affair is obviously a much more serious question. The Duce is backing his claims by the dispatch of more and more troops to Africa, and there is big talk in Rome about Italy's military power. It was officially stated on Tuesday that she could, if necessary, mobilise from 7,000,000 to 8,000,000 men. That is, no doubt, partly brag and partly a warning addressed to anyone who may be counting on complications arising in Europe out of the trouble in Africa. What is urgent now is to prevent the trouble in Africa from developing any farther. Abyssinia should again press upon the Council of the League her demand for the dispute to be referred to arbitration. The Council, in the present dangerous state of affairs, could not ignore this. And we do not believe that Italy is prepared in the last resort to follow Japan's example in flouting the League.

Mr. Roosevelt versus Labour

This time President Roosevelt does seem to be in really serious trouble with the Senate, over an issue which brings him also into direct conflict with organised Labour. Under his scheme of work-relief he demands power to engage labour at a fixed rate, irrespective of the trade rates of wages commonly paid for the various types of job. The Senate, under the influence of the A.F. of L., has amended the Bill to provide that these standard trade rates must be paid. The President rejects this, not only because it would make the scheme far more costly per man employed, but also because he wants his wages to be lower than those of private employers in order to give men the inducement to find work under "private enterprise." He is afraid that if he has to pay trade wages he will find himself speedily in competition and conflict with the private employer. What will happen to the Bill is uncertain. So far the revolting Senators have refused to give way, and so has the President, who can, however, ill afford to have his entire scheme held up. The Labour Unions, much aggrieved by the President's failure to implement the promise of collective bargaining rights given in the N.R.A., and conscious that his zeal for higher wages has greatly ebbed of late because he has come to believe that employers need the stimulus of low wages to persuade them to take on more labour, are strongly urging the Senators not to yield. Mr. Roosevelt, who was lately fighting the Right, seems now to be coming to grips with the Left. Probably he remains powerful enough to get his way once again, but hardly without weakening his hold on the country and driving the Labour and Trade Union forces further into hostility to the New Deal.

Major Douglas

It is a piquant item of news that the Farmers' Government of Alberta, Canada, has appointed Major Douglas to be its official Adviser on Economic Reconstruction. What advice will Major Douglas now proceed to give? Alberta, as a province has no power to adopt an independent currency policy or to influence to any appreciable extent the conditions of credit. It can hardly adopt a price-formula based on Major Douglas's famous "A and B" theorem, as long as the rest of Canada remains wedded to price-adjustment on more orthodox lines. In some ways we wish it could; for it would be exceedingly interesting to watch the results. Economists often complain that they cannot test their theories out by laboratory experiments; and doubtless it would be very nice and helpful, if often surprising to themselves, could they do so. Presumably, however, Major Douglas believes he can give the Alberta Government useful advice—perhaps a scheme for Alberta parallel to the scheme for Scotland which was published on his behalf a year or two ago. Certainly his advice will be eagerly looked for, not only in Alberta, but wherever two or three Douglasites are gathered together—especially in the Dominions, for Major Douglas has an enthusiastic following in Australia and New Zealand as well as in Canada. We eagerly await results for, despite some careful study of Major Douglas's works, we have never been able to understand precisely what his practical proposals are.

Mr. Lloyd George Renews the Attack

Mr. Lloyd George returned to the charge last week-end when he spoke at the Manchester Reform Club. He did not add much that was new, except an insistence that, having embarked on a tariff policy, we should give it a fair trial before again altering our fiscal system. Most of his speech was devoted to a reassertion of the demand for the effective use of our national credit resources for bringing the unemployed back into useful work, and to an appeal to people of all parties to collaborate in seeing that this is done. The essence of Mr. Lloyd George's appeal is that it is possible as well as desirable to spend money on finding work rather than on the dole. This is just what Conservative Ministers, who have now dropped the notion of nobbling Mr. Lloyd George, are inclined to deny. Mr. Lloyd George proceeded to reply to these attacks, and especially to

the criticisms made by Mr. Neville Chamberlain. He twitted the Chancellor of the Exchequer with not being able to see any farther than the balancing of the Budget, no matter at what level of economic activity, and with sharing in his predecessor's obsession with this single item of policy. He also made a telling point when he connected the recent scandals in the City with the lack of useful opportunities for investment which Mr. Chamberlain's go-slow policy involves. "Satan finds some mischief still," said Mr. Lloyd George—and there is a good deal in that. On the broad issue, we commend to the attention of those who question the possibility of a Lloyd Georgian policy the article on Sweden, by Mr. Brinley Thomas, which we published last week. Sweden, on a smaller scale, has used a public works policy to bring idle resources back into use, and has made a great success of it. Admittedly, there are complications here; but are we really prepared because of them to treat the existence of more than two million unemployed as an "act of God" which we can do nothing to alter? That is the final question for capitalism.

The London Rates

The London county rates are to be put up, and the anti-Socialist chorus is chanting "We told you so!" But Mr. Morrison can also say "I told you so." The Labour Party quite frankly declared at the election that its policy would mean (and it would have been a bad policy if it had not meant) an increased expenditure. The actual increase amounts to 10½*d.* in the pound, and there is not likely to be any substantial addition to this, we understand, in the next two years. In all the circumstances the extra burden is remarkably slight. And Mr. Morrison is fully justified in saying that it is "not the result of drift, recklessness or confusion. It is the result of a deliberate, controlled policy." It represents value for money—necessary improvements in vital social services, education, public health, housing, public assistance—and it is to be observed that very few of the items of expenditure have been opposed by the Municipal Reformers on the Council. That will not prevent their friends outside, the apostles of "economy," from denouncing the Labour Party as robbers or wastrels. But Labour, if it continues as it has begun, has no reason to fear such charges. The object of local government is not to save public money, but to spend it wisely.

Equity and Mr. Cochran

Though most actors and actresses are naturally individualistic and conservative, they have realised that only by taking a lesson from Trade Union methods can they resist exploitation by the more unscrupulous managers. Their organisation, Equity, after a well-conducted campaign, appears within sight of victory, as all the West End Managers, except one, have agreed to their terms. Mr. Cochran remains in inglorious isolation, refusing to accept Equity's most reasonable demands on the ground that he gives employment on better terms than the minimum required by the organisation. This is the old story of the "good" employer who likes to offer as personal largesse what his employees properly regard as their right. (For instance, Mr. Cochran has the habit not of paying for rehearsals, as required by Equity, but of giving a "present" to his actors as a recognition of their hard work.) It is surprising to find a clever man, who usually prides himself on being up to date, taking so comically Victorian an attitude. We believe that Equity is certain to win this last round, for the "stars," who hold the key position in this campaign, seem to be standing solidly by the organisation which is doing so much to improve the conditions of their less favourably placed fellow-workers. At present Equity contracts are imposed only in the West End; the next step is make them universal in the provinces.

A Sentimental Policeman

What is to be done about people like Colonel Allan, Inspector of Constabulary in the Western Division? He is no fool, if we are to judge by the remarks in his official report about ribbon development as a curse to the police and everyone else. Yet when he talks about juvenile crime his notion of a remedy caricatures the opinions of Low's Colonel Blimp. It is a serious matter that in one city as many as 34 per cent. of proceedings for indictable offences should be against adolescents under sixteen, and that there should be so much wanton destruction and house-breaking by children who often become (under the treatment we give them) habitual criminals. It is true, too, that the causes are in large part "lack of parental control, unemployment and bad environment." And the remedies? Better housing and wages, the education of parents, the raising of the school age and development of adolescent entertainment and opportunity? No, certainly not! More esprit de corps in school, and more flogging. "More liberal use of the birch-rod," says the Colonel, "would be beneficial. Sentiment is all very well, but like everything else it can be overdone. Spare the rod and spoil the child." If one had been seeking words for Colonel Blimp could one have invented better? How are we to begin to persuade this Inspector that he is the sentimentalist to go repeating these old saws and outworn phrases instead of observing results for himself or taking the advice of any experienced social worker? The objections to birching are not sentimental but scientific. Has Colonel Allan any statistics to go on? How often does birching create the gangster hero? Does it ever deter from a life of crime? But the juvenile criminal is not so tough a social problem as the sentimental police inspector.

SPRING BOOKS NUMBER

Next week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will contain a Spring Books Supplement, with a selected list of forthcoming books. Among special features will be an essay on the English character by E. M. Forster, an article by Mrs. Sidney Webb based on W. H. Chamberlin's *Iron Age in Soviet Russia*, and a story by V. S. Pritchett. Eddington's *New Pathways in Science* will be reviewed by Dr. H. Levy, the third volume of Birkenhead's Life by Leonard Woolf, Professor Laski's new book on the State by Kingsley Martin; and there will be contributions by Eileen Power, David Garnett, C. E. M. Joad, T. W. Earp, Raymond Postgate, Hugh Kingsmill, Ralph Bates, Hamish Miles, K. John, and Peter Quennell.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

SCHOOLS AND CITIZENS

IT is something to know, on the strength of the Prime Minister's reply to the School Age Council's deputation last week, that the question of raising the leaving age to fifteen is at last under serious consideration by the Government. It is not so long since Lord Halifax, presumably under orders from the Cabinet, turned the proposal down flat, though we should be surprised to learn that he is not personally in favour of the change. Since then, there seems to have been a move. Not of course that Mr. MacDonald came near actually promising that the Government would raise the age; he merely suggested that sometime in the near future something might be settled, and perhaps even something done.

The case for a higher school-leaving age is by this time perfectly familiar to us all. The great majority of children now have to leave school just at the time when schooling begins to achieve the best results for the minority who are able to continue their education. As a consequence, we starve industry of fully efficient and intelligent workers, and the State of citizens fully capable of controlling it in a democratic way. We do this, partly because we grudge the extra money which a more adequate provision of education would require, but also partly because we are used to the class system, and have got accustomed to the idea that there should be one sort of education for the rich and quite another for the poor. At least an appreciable part of the opposition to a higher school age comes from those who see in an educated majority a threat to the maintenance of class privilege.

Among those who honestly repudiate this attitude there is nearly universal agreement that the school age ought to be raised on educational and civic grounds. And, if the change is to be made at all, there are the strongest possible reasons for deciding to make it at once. There is now an admittedly large redundancy of labour supply over market demand. Into a congested labour market we are at present, owing to the vagaries of the war-time and post-war birth rate, pouring year by year an abnormally large number of new entrants to compete for jobs. This means not only that juvenile employment is itself above the normal, but still more that cheap juveniles can find jobs only at the expense of dearer seniors; so that if a child, on leaving school, does enter industry by finding a job, he or she is quite likely to be thrust out of it on getting old enough to claim an adult wage. Before long, the falling birth-rate will begin to react on the number of new entrants to industry; but to-day we are pouring in a swollen number of applicants to scramble for a reduced number of jobs.

What, in face of these facts, is the objection to making an immediate decision to raise the school age? Is it a question of cost, or are there other and more weighty reasons?

First, as to the cost. It is perfectly true that the reform cannot be simply a matter of adding a year on to the child's life at school. The schools, as they now are, are not suitable for the education of the whole child population up to the age of fifteen. If children are to stay at school up to that age, it will be indispensable to provide, not continued elementary education, but a form of secondary education for all, on the lines broadly laid down in the Hadow Report. That will cost more than merely keeping the children at school longer under the existing conditions; but it is a reform which will make it possible for the first time to work out a thoroughly sound educational system of real civic and cultural value. At present, we are not playing fair by the children who leave school at fourteen. We ought to be giving them a secondary type of education from about eleven onwards, and we are not. Instead, we are fobbing most of them off with unsuitable schooling, on the plea that we cannot organise an effective secondary system until the leaving age is raised.

These arguments have already convinced almost everybody who does not base his educational policy on a desire to "keep the poor in their place." But have they convinced the Prime Minister? Reading between the lines of his reply, we cannot escape serious misgivings. The whole question is to be inquired into afresh; and, in due course, something is to be done. Something: yes, but precisely what?

Among Conservatives one influential school of thought is against raising the school age, and favours instead a further development of technical education and of secondary education on a strictly selective basis. According to this view, the thing to do is not to try to lift the whole population to a higher educational and cultural level, but to concentrate chiefly on the brighter children, so as to take more of them out of their class without undermining the basis of class distinctions. Even this, to be sure, is an advance on what the National Government has done so far; for as a part of the economy campaign it has been busy since 1931 narrowing the opportunities for poor children to win free places and maintenance allowances, so as to be able to proceed to a secondary school. But now that admittedly something has to be done in order to placate public opinion, there will be a strong body of Conservatives that will prefer the method of the educational ladder to that of the broad highway, not only because it is cheaper, but also because it is less democratic.

There were passages in Mr. MacDonald's reply to last week's deputation that suggested that he is playing with this essentially reactionary idea. Of course, the more free places and maintenance allowances and technical schools the better we shall be pleased. They are badly needed. What is reactionary is to offer them as an alternative to a general raising of the school age. The use of free places, and the chief use of maintenance allowances, will be to keep children at school after fifteen when the age has been raised—or after sixteen when, later on, we proceed to raise it again. There is a place for a selective system beyond the general minimum that is made compulsory; but the most essential task is to raise the minimum to a point that will make practicable a balanced and satisfactory school system for the ordinary run of children. Till we have that, every other proposal is simply a red herring.

Of course, no one is asking the Government to raise the school age next week. What is pressed for is an immediate decision to raise it, with enough time allowed for the local education authorities to make proper preparation for the "appointed day." Since 1931 the National Government has been deliberately holding back and repressing the tentative steps which local authorities were taking under

the Labour Government towards school reorganisation on Hadow lines. Training of teachers has been slowed down, school building and equipment rigidly cut, the more progressive authorities whipped to heel in the name of economy. It must take time to undo the harm that has been done by these years of reaction; but that is only an additional reason for making the decision at once, and so enabling the local authorities to get to work again with a fixed date in view.

Finally, let there be no nonsense about "local option" in this matter. It is absurd to suggest that any local authority that likes should go ahead by itself, and raise the school age in its area without waiting for its neighbours. Municipal boundaries are far too accidental and out of relation to social and economic realities for such a policy to be possible. Only confusion and infinite bickering could arise if the L.C.C. raised the school age, and Middlesex, Surrey, Essex, Kent and Hertfordshire did not. Manchester cannot act without Salford and a number of other towns, Newcastle without Gateshead and Tynemouth, or Glasgow without the rest of the Clyde district. A rural area here and there, or an exceptionally isolated town, may be able to act alone without disaster; but over nearly all the country the change must be made simultaneously, by Act of Parliament, or not at all.

The religious question, which has so often proved a boon to the ungodly in matters of education, we have not discussed on this occasion. The religious leaders who went on last week's deputation believed that it could be adjusted, and would be as soon as the Government had taken a decision to go ahead. For our part, we do not favour non-provided schools; but we should certainly not allow that opinion to weigh against a grant for their reorganisation if such opposition jeopardised the main reform. We cannot allow the religious controversy to be made yet again the means of wrecking educational advance. Let us get the school age up to fifteen now, and the problem of the non-provided schools can be tackled more effectively at a later stage.

BROWN AUTOCRATS AND WHITE BUREAUCRATS

THE news that the Indian Princes are pressing for a tightening up of the provisions of the India Bill protecting their interests, as a condition of their acceding to Federation, raises an issue which concerns all lovers of liberty.

On the Second Reading of the India Bill, Sir Herbert Samuel said:—

> The ideas which maintain a democracy at home will not maintain any form of tyranny abroad. . . . A free Britain and a coerced India cannot go together.

Sir Herbert was thinking of British India. Perhaps he forgot that our democracy at home is already pledged to coerce, if necessary and under certain conditions, 562 little Indias, sometimes called the Indian Indias of the States, if they attempt to rebel against their autocratic rulers. Very little has been heard of the effect of the India Bill on the relationship between this country and the Indian Princes, as it affects their own subjects and also those of British India. Briefly, it may perhaps be summarised by saying that whereas in the past the Princes have been buttressed upon the British Raj, in the future the British Raj will also be buttressed on the Princes. The two will be propped against each other like the two sides of a corn stack. To believers in democracy it is a disquieting relationship, which deserves more consideration than it has received.

The dependency of the States upon the Paramount Power is thus defined in the Report of the Butler Committee:

> 49. The duty of the Paramount Power to protect the States against rebellion or insurrection is derived from the clauses of treaties and sanads, from usage, and from the promise of the King Emperor to maintain unimpaired the privileges, rights and dignities of the Princes. This duty imposes on the Paramount Power correlative obligations in cases where its intervention is asked for or has become necessary. The guarantee to protect a Prince against insurrection carries with it an obligation to enquire into the causes of the insurrection and to demand that the Prince shall remedy legitimate grievances, and an obligation to prescribe the measures necessary to this result.
>
> 50. The promise of the King Emperor to maintain unimpaired the privileges, rights and dignities of the Princes carries with it a duty to protect the Prince against attempts to eliminate him, and to substitute another form of government. If these attempts were due to misgovernment on the part of the Prince, protection would only be given on the conditions set out in the preceding paragraph. If they were due, not to misgovernment, but to a widespread popular demand for change, the Paramount Power would be bound to maintain the rights, privileges and dignity of the Prince; but it would also be bound to suggest such measures as would satisfy this demand without eliminating the Prince.

This seems to imply that in no case can the Paramount Power acquiesce in attempts to "substitute another form of Government" for the autocratic rule of Princes, though in cases of insurrection due either to "legitimate grievances" or to "a widespread popular demand for change" it may insist on some steps being taken to alleviate popular discontent. Elsewhere the Report boasts how sparingly the Paramount Power has exercised its powers of intervention:

> That the Paramount Power has acted on the whole with consideration and forbearance towards the states, that many states owe their continued existence to its solicitude is undoubted and admitted. . . . In the last ten years the Paramount Power has interfered actively in the administration of individual states in only eighteen cases. In nine of these interference was due to maladministration; in four to gross extravagance, or grave financial embarrassment. The remaining five cases were due to miscellaneous causes. In only three cases has the ruler been deprived of his powers. No bad record this considering the number of states and the length of time concerned! We have heard comments from some of the Princes themselves that in certain of these cases intervention should have taken place sooner than was actually the case (p. 22).

Eighteen "active" interventions scattered over ten years and five-hundred-and-sixty States is indeed "no bad record" from the Princes' point of view. But what about that of their subjects? Other passages in the same Report indicate that only "gross abuses," "gross" or "flagrant" misgovernment "persistent neglect" are held to justify intervention. Notoriously, however, influence amounting to considerable pressure can be and often is exerted by the Political Resident. In Mr. Panikker's study of the Indian States, generally recognised to be able and dispassionate but if anything pro-State, he maintains that this latter form of intervention is exercised only too freely, yet he says:

> In olden times a despot who oppressed his subjects or a debauchee who looked only to his pleasure was not left long undisturbed. Either an outside invasion or an internal rebellion put an end to his career. But the British Government now supports the ruler as long as he is loyal to his agreement and does not too openly violate civilised conventions. The ruler is left free in such a case to do whatever he pleases with his treasury and to gratify his personal pleasures at the expense of his subjects. . . .

A strange relationship this, between the freest and most successful democracy in the world and oriental despots! How is it affected by the new Bill? Directly, the "special responsibilities" of the Governor-General are to include "the protection of the rights of any Indian State." This might be held in effect to imply the re-initialling of the treaties and sanads alluded to in the above quotation from the Butler Report. Yet the Princes apparently are not satisfied, since the specific points which they criticise in the Bill include "the lack of specific mention and preservation of treaties and agreements concluded with the States." We are asked then

to reaffirm these documents. And the Government has yielded. Sir Samuel Hoare undertook on Tuesday to make it clear "in the most solemn and formal manner, but not within the Bill", that "we regard the treaties between the Crown and the Indian States as inviolate." That is a very serious matter. For, as the Butler Report itself points out:

> The relationship of the Paramount Power with the States is not a merely contractual relationship resting on treaties made more than a century ago. It is a living, growing relationship, shaped by circumstances and policy, resting . . . on a mixture of history, theory and modern fact.

Will it continue to be a living, growing relationship, if stereotyped by Parliament in 1935 as part of a solemn bargain with the Princes? Even without this reaffirmation the Bill indirectly strengthens the Princes' position, because of the reliance placed on their known conservatism and loyalty to the British connection as a guarantee for stability and resistance to revolutionary forces. That is apparently the main argument for insisting on waiting for their accession before granting "responsibility at the centre." But if the smooth working of the constitution is to depend on the Princes' good will, will there not be an even greater reluctance than at present to intervene on behalf of the States' subjects? As a set-off against this danger, many well-informed people maintain that the closer relations thus set up between British India and the States will inevitably influence the Princes towards progress and better Government. But can we trust to this? Is it a sufficient set-off?

Turning to the effect on British Indian subjects, the influence which the Princes may exert upon the Central Legislature is worth noting. Even in the Lower House their nominees will hold 125 out of 375 seats, or about three times as many as the seats reserved to the depressed classes, labour and women, all put together. In the Upper House there is no reservation of seats for any of these three interests, while the Princes' nominees hold 104 out of 260 seats. Yet this amazingly conservative Federal Legislature, mainly representative of large vested interests, will be competent to pass laws concerning marriage, rights of inheritance, labour conditions, industrial disputes—laws which will override, if in conflict with, provincial legislation. No corresponding rights are given to the Federal Legislature to interfere with any of these matters in the Indian States. It is said that the Princes will not desire to interfere in purely British Indian matters. But what matters will be so regarded? May not the representatives of the States plausibly argue that, say, an advanced Factory Code will influence their own labour supply and cause disaffection among the subjects of the Princes?

To raise these doubts is not inconsistent with holding, as the writer does, that the proposals of the Bill as they affect the Provinces represent not merely a substantial advance towards self-government, but also—through the immensely enlarged electorate—a far better means than has existed hitherto of securing attention to the just grievances of the poverty-stricken masses, the depressed classes and the women. But for these advantages we seem to be paying a heavy price. A British parliament and people which last summer worked themselves into a fever of excitement over a Sedition Bill which threatened invasions of the privacies and liberties of a few individual British citizens are bound, before they assent to this India Bill, to ask themselves two questions.

First, how will the Bill affect the eighty-one million subjects of Indian States? May it result in shackling their fetters permanently upon their limbs? Granted that many of them, in some States, are happy and contented under a form of government congenial to them, yet is not an autocracy always a potential tyranny and should a democracy assent by its own act to the stabilising of some five hundred autocracies?

Secondly, does a Federal Legislature such as that proposed sufficiently guarantee the welfare of the British Indian masses? Or will it result, as one Indian writer has suggested, in merely substituting "brown autocrats for white bureaucrats" when the nominees of the Princes take the places of the official *bloc* now to disappear?

ELEANOR RATHBONE

A LONDON DIARY

"NONE of us," said one of the most experienced of English publicists to me the other day, "knows anything about public opinion." Certainly Lord Rothermere does not: it was he who began the peace ballot idea with an experimental poll in Hull and Bristol which was to be extended to the whole country. The result was so unfavourable to Rothermere's notion of foreign policy that he decided that such ballots were thoroughly wicked and deceptive. He helped to advertise the League of Nations Union's peace ballot by calling it the "Ballot of Blood." I knew better than Lord Rothermere and thought it would go well. But I never imagined anything like the 97 per cent. vote in favour of the League principle and 93 per cent. in favour of economic sanctions and as much as 72 per cent. for military sanctions, if the economic ones proved insufficient. And Beaverbrook and Rothermere can't explain this vote away by saying that only the enthusiasts take the trouble to poll. The present returns cover more than two million votes in 314 towns and villages, which include 37 complete Parliamentary constituencies. Everyone over eighteen has been asked to vote in the areas so far covered; the average poll is 49.4 per cent., while some constituencies have polled over 70 per cent. But the people who made the most resounding error of all were Conservatives who tried to throw cold water on the ballot while not repudiating the League. When Sir Austen Chamberlain and Sir John Simon made their protests in the House about the ballot, I have no doubt they thought they would damage it. Actually if they have had any effect it has been to advertise it and to rub in the idea that the present Government is opposing it and working against peace and the League.

* * *

My friend has been speaking all over the country during the last five months, and his report about the enthusiasm for the League and the general hostility to the National Government fits in with other accounts I have had of the immense increase in political interest throughout the country. The Means Test struggle has revitalised politics, and I am not in the least surprised that the Government is trying to put off the general election until the latest possible date. Mr. Thomas, indeed, appears to have said at an after-dinner speech at the Connaught Rooms that there would be no general election "for some years—perhaps three years from now." The *Daily Herald* reported these remarks in a way which suggested that the Government might intend to introduce a Bill prolonging the life of the present Parliament. If Mr. Thomas was aware of what he was saying that would indeed be the only possible explanation. His actual explanation that he was merely making a joke sounds more probable, but it is the sort of joke that one only makes after the dinner has been particularly good.

* * *

I have received the following from a well-known journalist. "I had been dining in Westminster on Monday evening, and turning into Parliament Square on my way home found myself before I knew what it was all about involuntarily assisting in a riot. Rather a poor little riot, as riots go, but quite exciting while it lasted. From the slogans that were being shouted I gathered that the cause of the row was the Means Test: actually, I had walked into the demonstration which had been staged in the central hall of the House of Commons and had now spread into the streets. I am bound to say I was not much impressed by the demonstrators; they are a bit of a stage army these young men in their maroon jerseys and these shrill young women. But I *was* impressed—and not at all favourably—by the behaviour of the police. There was very little provocation, unless shouting "Down with the Starvation Government" is now considered provocation in this country; there was absolutely no danger—until the mounted police got busy, when there was a good deal. But the "force," who seemed to be in stronger numbers than the

demonstrators, behaved, it seemed to me as an onlooker, with unnecessary vigour. It was quite clear that the mounted policemen were enjoying it. Here are some Reds, seemed to be their attitude; now we can give our horses some excellent practice. And they did. By the time we got to the top of Whitehall the "crowd" had dwindled to a group of perhaps twenty persons who were walking rapidly along on the pavement causing no nuisance or disturbance beyond an occasional shout and a burst of the Internationale. Into this dangerously threatening mob the police directed their horses. And whereas there had been no risk before, there now became plenty. It was the hour when the theatres turn out and buses and taxis were curving out of Trafalgar Square into Whitehall in cohorts and at a brisk speed. The "mob," twenty strong, found themselves charged off the pavement under the wheels of the traffic. I myself narrowly escaped extinction. If someone had been killed it would have been inexcusable, though no doubt it would have been excused. It was notable that the cries against the Government soon changed to "To hell with the police cossacks." An ugly and significant little encounter. The participants who seemed to come best out of it were the horses, which are remarkable and unvindictive beasts."

* * *

In Vienna the other day, as all English people learnt from their papers, the Prince of Wales visited the Karl Marxhof, the Goethehof and others of the splendid working-class buildings which the Social Democrats built in Vienna and which were bombarded by the Heimwehr in last February's fighting. Sensibly and obviously, the Prince of Wales remarked that we ought to put up similar buildings in England. I have just learnt that the Austrian Government forbade the Viennese press to make any reference to the Prince's visit.

* * *

Sensible people united in deploring the recent Royal Academy Exhibition of British Art in Industry. It was tragic that this admirable idea should be so wasted; that instead of an exhibition to show how beautiful simple, cheap and serviceable articles could be, we should be offered this hotchpotch of costly, elaborate and precious monstrosities. But the neatest criticism I have yet seen is conveyed in a few pages of photographs issued as a supplement to the new issue of *Service*, the little quarterly publication of the Rotary International. Here are common objects—candlesticks, glasses, jugs, bottles, knives, cruets and kitchen utensils. They are of excellent design and all mass-produced. The text explains the joke—none of them cost more than sixpence. Indeed, it does not need a very sharp eye to see that they all come from Woolworths.

* * *

I am not sure what my withers are, but they have seldom been more strenuously wrung by any book than by Mr. Arthur Wragg's *Jesus Wept* (Selwyn and Blount, 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is a book of drawings of the cities we know to-day—cities which Jesus must certainly weep over as he once wept over Jerusalem. War, Nationalism, Poverty, stalk here not as grinning caricatures, but as the ordinary companions of everyday life. I like the charming and rural scene in which the woman haymaker and her child look up with simple curiosity at the aeroplanes overhead. It is called "The Carrion and the Vultures." If the art of the modern cartoon provides anything more disturbing than "The Dole Buys a Luxury," more horrible than "Tattoo," more pathetic than "I will Await my Beloved" or "Journey's End," more powerful than "Journey to the End of the Night," I have not come across it. I shall be interested to know how well this book sells. Vernon Bartlett, who contributes an introduction, rightly says that it is a book to shock. How far are people willing to be shocked? And do they buy books of pictures, however good and however shocking?

* * *

A friend of mine who was playing an official part in the management of the Saar plebiscite tells me of one incident which every student of international government will wish preserved. British soldiers were carrying the carefully sealed ballot boxes into the room where the counting was to be done. At one of the tables a Dutchman was heard in voluble dispute with a British Tommy. The Dutchman, who talked English, was perplexed and annoyed because he could not understand a word the Tommy said. My friend went to the rescue, but was quite unable to act as interpreter. The Tommy's Yorkshire was too broad. A sergeant who knew him was called in to help. He explained that Yorkshire was sometimes like that when talked by men who were drunk or excited. It turned out that the Tommy had quite good reason for being excited. He had dropped his ham sandwich into the ballot box. To retrieve the sandwich meant specially opening the ballot box before the proper witnesses and with due formalities. When various protocols had been filled up and the proper officials had signed the necessary documents, the box was solemnly opened, the sandwich retrieved, and an international incident closed in perfect amity.

* * *

The following passage from a recent novel is quoted in the *Manchester Evening News*.

"And I love you," she said. "But I love England even more."

"I'll accept that," he said. "If you love England you love me. It is our country. It is a grand thing that you, a woman, love her so much that you could set aside——"

"Say no more," she said.

"I will not, Anna—save this. Lift your head—so! I'm going to kiss you full on the lips. Great woman! Say it after me, 'God save the King!'"

"God save the King," she said, and tightened her arms around his neck.

May I recommend this to Lady Houston as a serial?

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5s. for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. Douglas Hawson.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

The moderator of the Irish Presbyterian Church has sent a telegram to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Captain FitzRoy, the Speaker of the House of Commons, protesting against the use of brewers' horses for the Speaker's State coach on Jubilee Day, May 6th.

"I desire in the name of my Church to protest strongly against using a great State occasion for advertising a traffic to which multitudes of his Majesty's loyal citizens are opposed," says the telegram. —*Sunday Express.*

Perry to remain an amateur if he can make £20,000.—*Daily Telegraph.*

At this time I knew I was going to have a baby. My loving husband was always up to some prank or other.—*Sunday Express.*

You will remember . . . that at an election in London not long ago we lost. It was lost very largely on a campaign which reflected little credit on those who engaged in it—a campaign of peace. I do not think there is a worse sign of the times than that a sacred subject of that kind should be dragged down into the political area.—Mr. Baldwin reported in the *Daily Telegraph.*

"Every Christian man and woman who walks on the sands on a Sunday is helping to ruin this land."—The Rev. N. Younger, President of the Methodist Conference.—*Western Morning News.*

One is surprised at the number of people who seem to view a dictator with horror. They imagine a Stalin, or something worse—pure ignorance. My son tells me that the *Sunday Dispatch* is used every week in his school as a textbook for history, geography and general knowledge.—Two letters in the *Sunday Dispatch.*

Baron d'Erlanger explained the keen interest which he, a financier, takes in poetry by kinship between the poet's imagination and the imagination of the financier whose great dreams of commercial development have come true.—*Daily Paper.*

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE

It must have been with a sense of relief that many people learned that the Cambridge Union had refused to pass a resolution condemning the Old School Tie. We have been living for some time past in a world of fading loyalties. It has become common, for example, to meet people who take it for granted that their country is no better and has no more claim on their affections than any other country and whom no flag waving in the wind can excite to enthusiasm. Similarly, as regards the family, more and more people have been making it clear in public that their parents were no fit objects for hero-worship. Loyalty to party, it seems to me, is also on the wane, and party leaders are continually being faced with little outbursts of unnatural rebellion. Among writers, to-day we find that a strange disloyalty to tradition has been spreading. Loyalty, indeed, seems at times to be on its last legs.

Now, I myself was brought up in a world in which "loyal" was regarded as the finest adjective in the English language. Human beings were divided into two classes—the loyal and the disloyal; and if a man was disloyal, no virtue, however conspicuous, could save him from condemnation. It was said, at a time when King Edward was rumoured to be sympathetic to Home Rule, that one loyalist anxiously asked another: "Do you think the King is loyal?" Even the highest in the land had to be submitted to the great test. But it was not only in public life that the passion of loyalty flowed strongly. Loyalty to one's school was as powerful as loyalty to any flag. Never during my schooldays did I meet a single boy so lost to decency as to admit that there was any tolerable school in Belfast except his own.

Not that this loyalty was drilled into us by our masters. We had no long-winded speeches from them telling us of the glorious traditions of the school and calling on us to lead nobler lives because of them. We were not taught to be loyal: we were born loyal. That is to say, we were born sufficiently egotistical to believe that our own school was the best. I held this firmly myself, and yet, somehow, much as I loved my school I also loved staying away from it. There were few mornings on which I would not rather have stayed in bed than have hurried off after a bolted breakfast to the terrors of a Greek class with no lesson prepared. I doubt, indeed, whether, if it had not been for the wise urgency of my parents, I should have attended school oftener than once a week or, perhaps, once a fortnight. Yet the love of the school was in my blood. Years before I went to it, I longed to go to it, as I afterwards longed to go to Rome and Florence. If I had been offered my choice among all the schools in the world I should not have hesitated a second before choosing this one.

I did not at the time realise the labours I was letting myself in for. I saw the school in the golden haze of a dream with great men playing football for it in yellow-and-black jerseys. I had in my dream almost overlooked the endless necessity of preparing lessons. Not that I was hostile or indifferent to learning. I had felt a craving for a knowledge of the Latin tongue ever since I first saw the word *mensa*. I fell in love with Greek, too, at first sight, and, short of working, I would have done almost anything to become a Greek scholar. We human beings are often pulled two different ways, however. We may find the Greek language entrancingly beautiful; and yet at the same time may find the necessity of turning good English into bad Greek in what is called a Greek composition a gross distraction from our amusements. We may worship Greece and nevertheless think the day's portion of Xenophon deadly dull.

The truth is, I never found it easy to sit in a room in the evening and read school-books or write stuff in exercise-books. I always knew that there were several of my fellow-schoolboys roaming about the streets and I could not bear to be wasting my time over a grammar while there was better company to be had outside. Even if I stayed in the house, I could usually find a more engaging book than those commended to my notice by my schoolmasters. As a result of this war of interests, I frequently approached school in the morning with an anxious heart. There is scarcely any classical author whose work it is easy for a small boy to translate without ever having set eyes on it before, and how often I have gone to school with the feeling that I might be called on to do the impossible. Luckily, there was no serious punishment in the school. A little detention, a few impositions, in the early years, but no violence to the person. I have always admired the cleverest of my contemporaries all the more because, with no dire threats to urge them on, they laid siege to learning so invincibly. It is my conviction that some people love work as others love pleasure; this is proved by the fact that thousands of people devote a considerable part of their spare time to solving crossword puzzles. Now, it seems to me that anybody who can enjoy solving a difficult crossword puzzle ought to be able to enjoy working out a difficult problem in Horace. I myself have great fits of liking for crossword puzzles, and I confess in earlier life I had great fits of liking for the difficult passages in the classical authors from Horace to Aeschylus. Unfortunately, I seldom seemed to like them on the same days on which my teachers wished me to like them, and, when I began to translate in class, I commonly felt as much bewildered as if I had been given a crossword puzzle and ordered to solve it within two minutes. This sort of thing does not add to the comfort of a pupil. His only hope of avoiding unpleasantness is to make a mistranslation so glaringly ridiculous that it will compel his master to laugh. I tried this on several occasions, sometimes with success, but one has to keep a very serious face while doing so and one must not join in the laughter that follows. Then one is allowed to leave off, pardoned as a butt.

Certainly, none of my masters ever treated me in such a way as was likely to alienate my loyalty to the old school. It was not I, but a contemporary, of whom a master wrote in his report: "An intensely lazy dog." My masters, being truthful men, never praised me highly, but they tolerated me, and even my writing-master went as far as his conscience would allow him towards suggesting that I might one day be able to write legibly. Hence I have very few unhappy memories of school. When I read the reminiscences of some modern writers about their schooldays, I can scarcely help feeling incredulous. I was never bullied, and if there was a school bully I never heard of him. Possibly if we had all been incarcerated in a boarding-school the repressed spirits of some of the livelier boys might have turned to bullying as an outlet. But as it was, apart from the hours spent in the unhealthy confinement of the class-room, the place was as cheerful as a playground. Not that the population of the school was a collection of saints or anything near it. But there were few of those miseries inflicted such as many men appear to have suffered at their schools.

At the same time, I doubt whether our loyalty to our school was entirely the result of our being happy at it. Most of us would have been loyal to it, I fancy, even if the headmaster had been an ogre and if we had had to be rescued in our early years from bullies by the local Dobbin. So long as the school played Rugby football, and fought its rivals annually for possession of the Schools' Cup, we should have been patriots. The occasions of such battles were more to us than Agincourt, and the wars of the Greeks became affairs of minor significance on the day on which the school was playing in the Cup Final.

It is the same apparently with most seats of learning. The patriotic life of Oxford or Cambridge comes to its peak, not on a day on which a professor of one university utterly annihilates the Aeschylean text of a professor from the other, but on the day on which two boats compete on the Thames or on which two football teams crash into each other at Twickenham. Eton and Harrow, again—is it not on the playing-fields of Lord's that their greatest battles are won? Will this patriotism, this loyalty, survive in a world of foundering traditions? Or will people become so intelligent that it will be quite common to hear a man admitting that his own university is inferior to

its rival, or jeering at his old school in public? I trust human beings will never become so intelligent as that. I am a firm believer in patriotism, provided that it is not sanguinary; and the least sanguinary forms of patriotism, it seems to me, are loyalty to one's county, loyalty to one's city, loyalty to one's suburb, and loyalty to one's school. All these are good, and none of them does anybody any harm. Of how many forms of patriotism could we nowadays say the same? Y. Y.

A PESSIMIST AND AN OPTIMIST

THERE is a lady-bird which is greatly attracted by the scent of the nectar of flowers, and is so fashioned as to be unable to satisfy its desire to taste what its sense of smell proclaims as so attractive. This small beetle with its short legs and flat, tortoise-shaped body, climbs laboriously the stem of the flower-head, it negotiates the sepals, often in a difficult and upside-down position, and at length reaches the petals, at whose base the nectar lies. After taking up its position, grasping a petal, it puts its mouth in the direction of one of the honey cups which are situated on either side of the petal-base. Unfortunately for the lady-bird, it has but a short tongue, and one not adapted to thrusting into narrow places. In its effort to reach the nectar it bites with its mandibles. The petal falls off, and the beetle with it to the ground. Undeterred by this failure, it proceeds to creep up the flower-stem once again, and again makes its way on to a petal, again thrusts its head forward and bites, and again falls to the ground. Once more, after it has recovered from the shock of the fall, it hopefully repeats the process. The behaviour of this little lady-bird has been described by Dr. Herman Muller in *Die Befruchtung der Blumen durch Insecten*. It never learns by experience and never gets a taste of the sweet-smelling nectar.

If this lady-bird could formulate a philosophy from the results of its experience, it would be in agreement with Thomas Hardy, that "life offers to deny." The disharmonies between its desires and its means of gratifying them are obvious; it is a natural pessimist, a soul on whom Providence does not smile.

In contrast to such an unfortunate case there are creatures whose adaptation to their environment is so perfect and so complex that they would appear the very darlings of the gods, and to live in the best of all possible worlds. Not only are the details of their lives arranged with a happy and perfect precision, but they are endowed with a prophetic knowledge as to the needs and educational requirements of their unborn offspring, and are possessed also of an intuitive wisdom which can correctly determine problems before which our human science still falters.

Such a creature is Eumenes Amedei, a small wasplike Hymenopterian which inhabits northern Africa and southern Europe. In early summer when the sun heat is already powerful, the Eumenes emerges from the pupal state. She is an elegant insect of yellow and black bands. When stimulated by the sun's heat, her antennae, wings and legs are in vibrant motion, as though the life in her were too intense to be sustained without this quivering response to the elements of air and fire, of which she seems an embodied expression.

Soon after she has mated, the female begins to prepare a house in which her young can develop and be sheltered, and in which sufficient food can be stored. She chooses an exposed and sunny situation, usually on a rock or wall, and there begins to build. She first erects a circular fence of small stones and mortar, the mortar being made from dry, flinty dust mixed with her own saliva. The stones are chosen with considerable care, flint being preferred to limestone, and the fragments selected are all much of the same size. J. H. Fabre*, in describing the habits of this insect, dwells on the meticulous manner in which the Eumenes chooses the most polished quartz fragments for her buildings, and suggests that she is not indifferent to the aesthetic effect of her handiwork.

As the wall grows higher, the builder slopes it towards the centre, and so makes the curve of a dome, which, when finished, is the size of a small cherry. A hole is left at the top, and on this is built a funnelled mouthpiece of cement. The next task is to collect the food-supply for the future grub, which is to hatch from the egg of the Eumenes. This consists of a collection of small caterpillars of about half an inch in length; these are always of the same kind, paleish green and covered with white hairs. These caterpillars are partially paralysed by the sting of the Eumenes and unable to make any violent efforts at escape. They are stored on the floor of the cell. Since they remain alive, they will keep fresh till such time as the grub of the Eumenes is ready to eat them. If they were killed outright their flesh would soon become putrid or would wither and dry. The young grub requires the best of fresh meat. When the cell is sufficiently stocked, the egg is laid, a single egg in each cell, and the mouthpiece at the top of the cell is closed with a cement plug, and in the cement is set a single pebble.

The egg is not laid in amongst the caterpillars, nor upon one of them, as in the case of other allied genera. These caterpillars are only partially paralysed, and can still move their claws and can champ with their jaws. Should one of them feel the nibblings of a tiny grub it would doubtless writhe about, and would probably injure the tender infant for whose benefit all this genius of instinctive forethought is exercised. Both the egg and the grub must be protected, and to this end the egg is suspended to a tiny thread of silk fastened to the roof. However much the caterpillars may wriggle and writhe, they cannot come near it.

When the grub emerges from the egg, it devours its egg-shell, then spins for itself a tiny, silky, ribbon-sheath in which it is enfolded tail uppermost and with head hanging down. In this retreat it is suspended above the pile of living food. It can lower itself sufficiently far to nibble at the caterpillars. If they stir too violently, it can withdraw into its silken sheath, and wait awhile till the commotion has subsided, then later, when the caterpillars are grown quieter, descend again to its meal. As the grub grows in size and strength, it becomes bolder; the silken retreat is no longer required; it can venture down and live at its ease amongst what remains of the food store.

In all these ways, the Eumenes is singularly well adapted to the conditions of its life, but these are not all. The stone and cement cells that the mother Eumenes builds are not always stored with the same wealth of caterpillars. Some cells contain five caterpillars, and some ten. The females of the imago Eumenes are larger than the males, therefore they need a larger supply of food—in fact, just twice as much. From out of the well-stocked cells emerge females, from those half as well stored emerge the smaller males. Now the cells are stocked before the eggs are laid, and it is a generally accepted belief amongst biologists that the egg bears within itself the sex valency which will dominate in the developed creature. The male or femaleness of the eggs is already determined at the time that it is laid. The female eggs are laid in the well-stocked cells, and the male eggs in less well-stocked cells. How does the Eumenes know the future sex of her egg? How is it that she never makes a mistake? Can a theory of chances play a part in this problem? If nothing is logically arranged, and all variations occur without any relation to a foreseen object, how is this clear and unerring adaptation to what is invisible and unmeasurable acquired? A question for behaviourists to answer.

Let us compare the fates of the Eumenes and the lady-bird. The one is endowed with the most perfect instincts for both building and hunting. The caterpillars on which she feeds her offspring are plentiful and easily paralysed, and obligingly remain alive until such time as they shall be eaten. Her grubs are endowed with a wisdom and caution equal to her own foresightedness, and over and above all this, the inspiration of her instinct tells her the future sex of her eggs, so that she may provide rightly and with economy for the needs of her sons and daughters. She lives in a world perfectly adapted

*J. H. FABRE, "The Wonders of Instinct" (*Fisher Unwin*).

to her gay, ruthless, vibrant nature. How different from the slow, tortoise-shaped lady-bird, whose appreciative senses tell her of the nectar she can never reach, and whose fate it is to fall clinging to the petal she herself has detached!

E. L. GRANT WATSON

Correspondence

CAPITALISM AND WAR

SIR,—Sir Norman Angell's letter disappointed me, because he did not advance, in answer to the Socialist analysis, his own positive explanation of economic imperialism, and of the relationship of armed power to the class State. What I wrote about these main issues I need not repeat. But may I correct some misunderstandings in Angell's letter, lest they should needlessly confuse the discussion?

Angell, after summarising the disastrous economic effects of the Great War, writes:

> Brailsford insists that the above reading of post war events is not true: that capitalists who see in the coming of another war the smashing of their system are wrong: that the system still benefits by war, that indeed war is indispensable to it.

When have I ever written such arrant nonsense? I do not accept Angell's account of the causation of the slump, which was in my view primarily the consequence of the maldistribution of income inherent in every capitalist society. But assuredly the war, and still more the mad Peace of Versailles, played a great part in aggravating a periodic phenomenon as old as capitalism itself. I think it highly probable that another major war may smash what Angell calls "the system," at all events in the defeated countries. (To me the thing looks like a chaos, not a system.) I never said that "the system" benefits by war. To me any such generalisation about war, whether it affirms or denies, seems crude and unhistorical. What I said was that some wars have probably "paid" the victors, and I named two or three. I also said that in a world that had realised self-sufficiency according to the Beaverbrook or Hitler ideal, war would be the only way of expanding one's market or one's sphere of investment. Surely that is an identical proposition? I contrasted the two ideal worlds, that of the classical economists (in which war could never pay) and that of absolute self-sufficiency (in which it might). Neither of them ever existed or could in its perfection exist. The degree in which Angell's thesis is true depends on the degree in which concrete reality approximates in any given epoch to Adam Smith's or Adolf Hitler's scheme. To translate this careful statement into the summary that "the system benefits by war" is hardly helpful debating.

Nor did I say that war is indispensable to capitalism. What I did say was that military power is indispensable to it—to back its coercive apparatus at home, to hold down unfree dependencies abroad, to sustain prestige diplomacy in the hunt for concessions, and to fence in areas of privileged or monopolist trading and investment. In so far as armed power attains its purpose, there is no war. War comes when power is questionable. Then in spite of all efforts to avoid it, it may be inevitable. It may be ruinous, and even fatal to the capitalist society that engages in it, and yet it will follow from the drive to monopoly in a world of competing imperial units.

Finally, I never supposed that *all* trade or all investment follows the flag. Nor did I ever believe that capitalist production can in the long run solve the problem of glut by acquiring closed markets. I regard it as an inherently unstable "system" which cannot finally balance its equation at all. But it can and does try, and is forced by its own inherent contradictions to try. It fails in the long run for some of the reasons mentioned by Angell, e.g., Lancashire engineers cut the throats of Lancashire spinners by exporting textile machinery to India. It fails because it is not a "system," but a chaos of unco-ordinated profit-hunting. But because one capitalist in this way frustrates another, one cannot conclude, as Angell does, that the *motive* of imperialism is "not economic." One may, indeed, conclude that the *effect* is uneconomic, i.e., that it does not make for the general good. But it may for a generation or more make for the good of certain classes or interests, at first of the purely predatory pioneers, then of the cotton spinners, next of the engineers and their financial backers, and all the time of investors in railways and other capital undertakings. The Socialist historian traces a parallelism here. As capital goods succeed textiles as the expanding British export, so does the Manchester school give way to the Liberal Imperialists. In a class State it is not the general good that is the criterion of policy, but rather the interest of the class that controls the State. For that reason, among others, Socialists hold that peace can be secure only within an international classless society.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

SIR,—Sir Norman Angell's letter seems to me to bring out admirably the weakness of the relation which has developed, especially in the imperialist epoch, between a capitalist society and the sovereign State. But does it touch the essential problem raised by Mr. Brailsford and those who are broadly of his school of thought?

That position, as I understand it, is the view that in an unequal society capital seeks for investment abroad because it cannot, in the absence of effective demand, discover sources of adequate profit at home. It uses the technique of the sovereign State to protect its interests in the markets it finds. That was its habit in Egypt; it was its habit in South Africa; it is its habit to-day in Manchuria. Sir Norman may urge that to so do is, from the angle of capitalism itself, a bad bargain. But does that affect the fact that wherever we find the acquisitive society in operation we find it using the sovereignty of the State for its purposes?

Sir Norman argues that it is irrational for capitalists to rely on force. I am not sure that I know exactly what he means by "irrational." The emotions which the capitalists who embarked upon the South African adventure exploited were not "rational," but their relation as capitalists to the sovereign State enabled them to invoke them. Sir Norman, I think, is really suggesting that a world in which justice and reason characterise the habits of our economic system would pay that system better than one from which they are absent. All his examples are an admirable illustration of his position. But do they affect the fact that capitalists whose interests are at stake do not agree with him; or that, granted the class-relations of this society, they can use the power of the State to further the purposes they are promoting? I agree with Sir Norman that this use, in the long run, recoils, as in India, upon themselves. Yet, on the evidence, they are less interested in the long run than Sir Norman. For it is really important that, while he is a philosopher, they are capitalists.

London. HAROLD J. LASKI

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

SIR,—Publicity has recently been given in the press to reports that there is a growing public opinion in Finland in favour of reverting to Capital Punishment for murder. Except during a revolutionary rising in 1918, there have been no executions in Finland since 1826, although the death penalty for murder has never been formally abolished from the Penal Code.

The reports have given rise to the impression that the crime of murder has been on the increase in Finland in recent years, and the conclusion is drawn that this is due to the Death Penalty having been allowed to fall into disuse.

What are the facts? The official statistics of violent crime in Finland give no support for the belief that murder is on the increase. On the contrary, they show that while there is considerable fluctuation, taking one year with another, the number of crimes which can be classified as "wilful murder" were forty-four in 1933 (the last year for which official statistics are available), the lowest figure for seven years. The peak year was 1928, with seventy-four wilful murders, and the yearly average for the seven years was fifty-eight, so that 1933 showed a decline of fourteen on the yearly average.

In the second category, "assaults resulting in death," the peak for the seven years was in 1929, when the figure was 302, the annual average for the seven years being 259. The figure for 1933 was 234. In the third category, "attempts to murder or kill," the peak year was 1930, with seventy-two, the annual average for the seven years being sixty. In 1933, the figure was only forty-one.

These official figures demonstrate beyond any possibility of argument that there is no justification for alarmist views with regard to these crimes.

The position in Finland is that the Penal Code is now the subject of an inquiry by a "Law Revising Commission" and the question of the re-institution of the death penalty is one of the matters to be considered. The subject has become one for public discussion, and *ex parte* statements are being made on both sides of the controversy.

Against the active propaganda in favour of the death penalty, there has arisen a powerful counter-movement to which a large number of the most prominent intellectuals in the country are giving their active support. Among these are numerous professors of the State University of Helsingfors, including the famous anthropologist, Edward Westermarck, and Yrjö Hirn, and prominent authors like F. E. Sillanpää and Ester Stahlberg.

National Council for the Abolition of the Death Penalty,
JOHN PATON
Secretary.

QUARLES, NOT ROCHESTER

SIR,—With regard to a statement in last week's "Books in General" that "Rochester too can be elegiac, the poem beginning: 'Why dost thou shade thy lovely face?' is one of the most tender in English," it may be remarked that the original version of the poem was written by Francis Quarles on the text: "Job xiii, 24: Wherefore hidest thou thy face, and holdest me for thine enemy?" and was published in his *Emblems*, 1635.

The facts about Rochester's redaction were, I believe, stated for the first time in my *Seventeenth Century Lyrics* in a note on Quarles's poem, as (with apologies) follows:

It is not generally known that Rochester thieved this poem (i.e., he or another, for it was printed posthumously like most of his work). He placed stz. 14 between stzs. 6 and 7, and, omitting 8 and 10–13, he followed on with stzs. 9, 15 and 16, and ended with the last stanza of *another* of the *Emblem* poems, *viz.*, Book III, No. 12; then writing "Love" for "Lord" and "God" throughout and making a few other slight alterations, he addressed the result "To his Mistress." This sham has in the past imposed on many people, and has quite recently been included in general anthologies, and even in some exclusively devoted to seventeenth century verse, as one of Rochester's finest poems.

Oxford. NORMAN AULT

THE ALBERT HALL

SIR,—It has come to our notice that the Lessees of the Albert Hall have refused to let their Hall for an Anti-Fascist meeting to be organised by the Co-ordinating Committee against Fascism.

In view of the fact that the Albert Hall was recently let to Sir Oswald Mosley, the Labour Party and the Conservative Party, this refusal (without reason assigned) appears to us to be a case of political discrimination. We would strongly urge that the Lessees of the Albert Hall should immediately reconsider their decision and so demonstrate their political impartiality.

Signed by: VYVYAN ADAMS, M.P.
GERALD BARRY
The National Council for Civil Liberties, 3 Dansey Place, Wardour Street, W.1.
Prof. JULIAN HUXLEY
J. B. PRIESTLEY
VISCOUNTESS RHONDDA
H. G. WELLS

WOMEN'S BENEFIT

SIR,—While the whole question of Unemployment Insurance is having so much prominence, it seems a suitable time in which to draw attention to a very real hardship which is caused to a number of women who are perhaps the least likely of any class of persons to speak for themselves. These are the women who lose their work, or who cannot obtain work owing to pregnancy. A doctor will very rarely put them on the panel for National Health Insurance Benefit, and they find it difficult to convince a Court of Referees that they are "available for work" when they have lost their job or cannot get work because of their condition. It seems only equitable that if the doctor does not consider that they are sufficiently incapacitated to be given Health Insurance Benefit they should be considered as being "available for work" and therefore entitled to Unemployment Insurance Benefit. It is an injustice which has been allowed to go on too long.

The Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, Westminster, S.W.1.
ANNA MATHEW
Chairman
Fabian Women's Group

A THREAT TO LAKELAND

SIR,—May I venture to call the attention of the readers of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to the danger which threatens the Lake District from the project for the afforestation of Eskdale? Some months ago I saw the plantations with which the Forestry Commission has already disfigured Ennerdale. Though the trees there are still young, and far from being as objectionable as they will be when they have attained some size, the landscape is already defiled. Masses of conifers planted thus in regular battalions are almost as great a blot on the scenery as bungalows would be, and the Forestry Commission is bound to deal in large masses in this way. As a lover of the Lake District I must protest against the decision of what is really a question of national importance in a narrowly departmental spirit. The English Lake District is a precious national possession, and the appreciation of its beauty is increasing among all classes. Those who can afford to take their holidays in Switzerland or Norway can no doubt find some substitute for their holidays in the Lakes—at a loss to the little farms and inns which depend so much upon visitors. But this remedy is not open to the clerks and operatives of the Lancashire and Yorkshire towns, who, as I have noticed when I have been in the Lake country, are tending in increasing numbers to seek in the peace and beauty of Lakeland what they cannot get in the drab surroundings of their working days. The Chairman of the Manchester and District Ramblers' Federation has stated, in a letter to the *Manchester Guardian*, that last year between Easter and September over 1,000 ramblers attached to one of the organisations affiliated to the Federation visited the Wrynose Valley which neighbours the threatened Eskdale and appears to be partly involved in the new afforestation scheme.

Further, the spread of trees in these Lakeland valleys means the curtailment of sheep-farming. Can it be wise economy to use public money to displace what is, with catering for visitors as a subsidiary, a self-supporting industry? And is it sound statesmanship for some government departments to be encouraging small-holdings while another at the same time is displacing the genuine peasant farms in a district where they have hitherto held their own? I am not disputing the importance of afforestation. I only urge that it should be carried out elsewhere than in the Lake District. The Forestry Act of 1919 gave the Forestry Commissioners powers of compulsory purchase. When they choose to exercise their activities among the Cumberland sheep farms rather than on the Yorkshire moors they force one to ask whether they really prefer to displace sheep and peasant and spoil the happiness of visitors rather than displace the grouse? W. C. COSTIN

St. John's College, Oxford.

Miscellany

HOW TO STOP NEW IDEAS

I THINK I may say that all true patriots must be profoundly alarmed at the number of New ideas now being disseminated, many of which are atrociously subversive of the Constitution, the rights of property, morals, the social order, and, in fact, of all the major achievements of civilisation. It is true that under the new Incitement to Disaffection Act notice has been served on the purveyors of these insidious wares that if they do not mend their ways they are liable soon to find themselves in prison. But this will not be enough, if all right-minded persons do not combine before it is too late to combat the nefarious tendencies which are abroad. Indeed, the National Government itself has not been free from such tendencies. What with surrender in India, nationalisation of oil, herding together with a lot of foreigners at Geneva, and perpetual Government interference, 1934 has shown plainly that we are not stopping new ideas so thoroughly as did our ancestors.

In these circumstances, sir, I wish to lay before your readers the outline of a guide or manual to the best means of stopping new ideas, which I have culled from the contemporary examples of the most eminent authorities. *Imprimis* and most important, do not be misled, when an idea is met with which may be suspected of being new and subversive, into considering the merits of the case which is stated for it, but rather consider what its consequences are likely to be upon the constitution, upon the rights of property, upon the social order, and upon public morals if this idea is ultimately carried to its logical conclusion.

If, for example, the proposal touches the keeping open of public houses, do not be led away by specious argument for the greater convenience of the suggested arrangement, but put in the forefront of your mind the consequences which it may have upon the masses if they are permitted to suppose that their projects for their own convenience are to be indulged without dispute. Again, if the proposal touches Parliament and banking, it is beside the point to consider whether the relationship now prevailing between Parliament and the banks is open to some criticism; rather should it be emphasised how great mischief must ensue from the principle, already accepted in certain quarters, that Parliament may dispose as it will of the credit and money, the land, the industry, and so forth of the nation. Where doubt exists, always remember that the consequence of the change itself cannot be foreseen, and that even if the change itself may be good, as in some few cases, the spirit of change, to which it gives encouragement, is bad, and must be resisted. Do not hesitate therefore, when change is suggested, to point out that the consequences to our constitution and morals will probably be grave, that the proposal is condemned by eminent authorities on the subject in question (as it undoubtedly will be, whatever it is), that besides being undesirable it is also impracticable, and so forth.

These measures, if taken early and with sufficient vigour, will probably suffice to kill the proposal, unless it is one of that pernicious sort which is put forward by fanatics and cranks whom neither civility nor common sense can keep from the most ridiculous extremes. Keep on, therefore, repeating these arguments on the platform and in the press for so long as appears necessary, without regard to the baseless arguments of your adversaries, whatever these may be.

If, however, the misfortune should occur that experts of repute are found publicly to support the idea, and it should prove impossible to prevent their view from becoming known, a complete reversal of policy is not to be disdained. Admit, then, that the idea is one which everyone has at heart as an ideal and none more warmly than yourself, but that there are insuperable difficulties (financial, administrative, etc.) which unhappily prevent immediate action. Seek out, also, those groups of persons who interest themselves in causes related to that which you now openly support, and, by drawing attention to differences of principle, policy and manner, contrive to set them at loggerheads, thus exhausting their own energy and disgusting the public, whose attention you have directed to this spectacle of disagreement among experts.

It is only in the most unfavourable circumstances that an idea can survive opposition of this artful kind. When such a misfortune occurs, and an inquiry is demanded, become active in support of a committee, and suggest a chairman for it. He should not be an absolute dolt, but an honest, weak-willed sort of man, with a long record of public service, in which he has never been known to do anybody any harm. See that the terms of reference are of a constricting character, and that the type of reform to be considered is manifestly impracticable. If, in spite of these precautions, action is finally recommended, it is a simple matter to become the mouthpiece of existing interests with demands for justice, fair treatment, safeguards and recognition of rights, which have to be met in the intended statute and will render it comparatively harmless.

Therefore, in spite of the degeneracy of the times, so long as these methods (which are not my own invention, but have been practised by our noble ancestors for hundreds of years) are properly understood and applied with resolution and discretion the adoption of new ideas is beyond the bounds of possibility.

Post Scriptum. My friends assure me that this essay, while instructing the supporters of our social order, will also encourage its enemies to the discovery of some counter-strategy; and have advised me not to publish it. It is well known, however, that these mischievous enthusiasts pay little attention to the movements of their adversaries and would certainly disdain to learn from them. I am therefore pretty confident that there is nothing to fear from this direction. SATURN

"A POSITIVE PLEASURE"

"THERE are some books," said the squire, "that it is a positive pleasure to read." Many conscientious gallery-goers, finding themselves in a show of Varda's work, must have felt in exactly the same way that there are some pictures it is a positive pleasure to look at. One does not expect to enjoy what it is one's duty to admire; but these things of Varda's—they are so gay, so amusing, and so charmingly, surprisingly, accessible. Thus the unassuming amateurs, blest with eyes to enjoy and a modest mistrust of their own connoisseurship. I heartily agree: I think, however, there is something more to be said.

When Varda was first heard of, ten or a dozen years ago, he was known as a Greek painter of considerable promise who belonged to the international school of Paris, that school of which a Spaniard is the animator, and of which another Spaniard, Gris, an Italian, Modigliani, a Pole, Marcoussis, and that almost League of Nations figure, Pascin, are quite as representative as any French painter. Whether its international character accounts to any extent for the premature decline of this school into a crowd of imitators, I know not; anyhow Varda, like all the more interesting of the second generation, refused to become a mere epigone. He withdrew to the Midi, and, profiting of course by the discipline of the school, set himself to elaborate a personal means of expression. Is it fanciful to suppose that his Byzantine origin—he was born at Smyrna—put the notion of mosaic into his head? Be that as it may, Varda took to playing with odds and ends of plates and tumblers, with shards and pebbles, and out of this harvest of the dustbin constructed little mosaic pictures which were indeed a positive pleasure to look at, and not much more. That was at first; now, unless I greatly mistake, though his art remains as pleasing as ever, he plays no more.

Varda has set himself seriously to find cheap substitutes for the outrageously expensive materials of the mosaicist, and out of them to create an equivalent of mosaic proper. As you will see, when you visit his exhibition at the Beaux Arts Gallery in Bruton Place, he has discarded all his pretty oddments. His materials are now an almost indestructible gesso—into which he sometimes rubs tactfully a dappling of coloured sand—fragments of mirror, and paint. The mirror supplies that sheen and glitter which is one of the most exciting qualities of mosaic; the paint, ingeniously applied tone on tone (e.g., green on a slightly darker green) gives about the same degree of relief to his flat designs as you will find on the walls at Ravenna or on the floor at the National Gallery. I think he has found his equivalent; and I find it extraordinarily satisfying. Lest anyone should infer from what I have said that Varda has become not only serious but solemn, let me give the titles of one or two of his pictures: *Three Types in Search of a Painter*, *Hommage à Gainsborough*; the catalogue alone assures us that the artist has not lost his turn for sly allusion.

The pictures by Elie Lascaux at the Mayor Gallery (18 Cork Street) are pleasing, too, but not much more. Lascaux has a pretty sense of colour and a sense of fun: he exploits both for all they are worth. He has been called a surrealist; I cannot imagine why. Sometimes he is faintly anecdotic—never vulgarly so—but this literary import serves mainly to eke out a not very abundant emotional content. Lascaux has a hand and an eye, but what he sees does not seem to mean to him anything very vivid. An agreeable painter.

Below stairs is a collection of contemporary English paintings which rather suggests that it is no longer worth going to Paris for anything but the very best. A Duncan Grant, *Cumberland Market*, painted a good ten years ago, makes one wonder where the eyes of the amateurs were when they went tumbling over each other to buy the works of Marie Laurencin and Dufy. You might spend a long time in the rue de la Boétie without seeing a better piece of painting than this. There is a Sickert, small but beautiful; a Matthew Smith which has very much

the air of being "something that counts"; and one of those pictures by Paul Nash which surprise by the originality of the vision, and please by the certainty and intelligence with which that vision is converted to design. Finally, one is grateful to Mr. Mayor for having dug up and exhibited several works by that interesting and ill-known artist, Derwent Lees.

CLIVE BELL

HANDEL AT THE B.B.C.

THE Handel anniversary concert given by the B.B.C. in the Queen's Hall last week was to have been conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham who, unfortunately, was not well enough to conduct it. I say unfortunately, because although Dr. Adrian Boult, who took his place, is a conductor whose sound musicianship is always welcome and especially needed in our country where strictness has been so long disregarded for a slap-dash pseudo-inspiration, yet Dr. Boult is not exactly the conductor for Handel. At least he did not prove to be so on this occasion.

Beethoven's well-known high opinion of Handel was perhaps partly due to a certain affinity between the two composers, and this is most marked in the simple boldness and breadth of their conceptions. Beethoven said that he was a man of *power*, and Handel might have said the same thing about himself with equal truth.

In performing music that has this particular quality of "power," a quality which we may, if we like, describe as an extra-musical quality perhaps comparable to "character" in literature, it is essential that this vital element should be fully brought out. To do this demands a certain native fire in the executive musician on whom the direction of the music falls. It was here that Dr. Boult failed so conspicuously that one could not help feeling it was unfortunate that the public should make its first acquaintance with such a work as *Acis and Galatea* under these circumstances. We hear very little of Handel's best music, apart from the *Messiah*, and since *Acis and Galatea* is one of his most delightful works and practically unknown to the present generation of music-lovers, it is sad to think that it failed completely to make its due effect and will probably not be heard again now for many years.

I know there are some musicians who grumble at Sir Thomas Beecham's renderings of the *Messiah* and think that all Sir Thomas Beecham had done in his famous first revelation of the *Messiah* to our generation as a living work of genius and not a boring period piece moth-eaten with platitudes and hackneyed idioms, was to have played everything too fast. But I totally disagree. I have been as infuriated as anybody else at things Sir Thomas Beecham in his off moments or in his occasional undisciplined recklessness (which he must himself know to be a weakness and not a strength) has done, yet one has to admit that Sir Thomas Beecham does not stand still, but is always advancing in his self-control and therefore in the control of his orchestra and their interpretation. But he has always had one outstanding virtue which we may describe as "fire." What he does may sometimes be wrong, or incomplete, or imperfect, but it is never dead. Now, this quality is one that tells most in the performance of Handel's oratorios; and *Acis and Galatea*, though described as a serenata, may be classed as an oratorio containing not only beautiful lyrical pieces, but pieces of true Handelian power. If Sir Thomas had conducted *Acis and Galatea* this power would have been given full expression and the audience would have had another revelation in the production of the work which, as it was, went for almost nothing, because Dr. Adrian Boult conducted it like a gentleman and not like an artist. If I may borrow a quip from this week's *Truth*, what was wanted in the performance of *Acis and Galatea* was "a bolt from the blue, not a Boult from the B.B.C."

The chorus came nearest, but not very near, to an adequate rendering of the music. The principals—but it was not altogether their own fault—sang in the true late nineteenth-century tradition of English singing, that is to say, like gentlemanly and ladylike members of a cathedral choir. What is the use of Polyphemus (Mr. William Parsons) singing:

I rage—I melt—I burn

if our attention is not for a moment distracted from the perfect set of his white tie?

When Polyphemus walks:

The mountain nods! the forest shakes!
The waves run frightened to the shores!

but all we heard was the good-mannered, perfectly well-bred, tread of Dr. Adrian Boult.

Now it may be said that this text by the poet Gay is full of eighteenth-century conventions and that I am taking Gay's words too literally; but whatever Gay was, Handel was a man of power, and if his librettist provided him with words appropriate to a dramatic occasion, we may be sure that Handel would have made the most of the situation.

Actually Gay was no mean writer and his verses in *Acis and Galatea* are superior to the majority of such literary productions. It was therefore very sad not to be able to hear Miss Isobel Baillie's words when singing the delightful air and verses:

As when the dove laments her love,
All on the naked spray;
When he returns no more she mourns
But loves the livelong day,
Billing, cooing
Panting, wooing,
Melting murmurs fill the grove,
Melting murmurs, lasting love.

This is not remarkable poetry, but it is perfect verse for setting to music, and it is in this case essential in order to get the full effects that Handel has achieved, that the words as well as the notes should be heard, but I could not hear a single word Miss Isobel Baillie sang.

Mr. Heddle Nash put more life into his singing than the others, but he does not always get a clean attack, which is a pity, for he is a vigorous singer. From the point of view of diction, the tenor Mr. John Kentish was the most satisfying of the soloists. I hope this ignoring of the meaning of the text by singers and musicians is not going to spread. When Acis and Galatea sing the lively duet:

Happy! happy! happy we!

there ought surely to be some exhilaration in their performance. To try to reduce a whole oratorio or dramatic composition to one uniform level of pleasing musical sounds is not a truly musical ideal. When a composer composes to a text he uses the variety of meaning and expression of the text as a stimulus to his creative activity. The contrasts it provides are essential to the architecture of his music and to wipe out all these contrasts with a conductor's sponge even if it were done ostensibly in the service of "pure" music is, to my mind, a misunderstanding of the word "pure." I say this, because in certain quarters Dr. Boult has been praised for this performance of *Acis and Galatea* on the ground of its evenness. But what those critics call evenness I should describe as monotony and lack of the proper contrasts the work demands for its balance and proportions to be revealed.

It is to be hoped that we may in the future be allowed by the B.B.C. to hear other neglected Handel oratorios such as *Semele*, *Israel in Egypt*, etc. They provide magnificent opportunities both for the fine B.B.C. chorus and for our English solo singers who badly need a severe course of Handel under a conductor who will make them exert their talents and their powers to the utmost of which they are capable. It is neither in natural voices nor in musical ability that our singers are deficient, but in the willingness to keep on struggling after perfection and to give themselves with all their energies to their task just as the composer has done. But performances such as this one of *Acis and Galatea* are the reverse of a revelation, they are more like a solemn and official burial of the work they are performing.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Stop Press" at the Adelphi

This revue has possibilities. In an early scene, for instance, the curtain rises on Mr. Epstein hammering at one of his weighty works; then Mr. Bernard Shaw arrives followed by a Movietone News cameraman—evidently a rich opportunity for satire upon the well-known aversion from publicity shown by these two great men. But alas! the dialogue is pitiably weak. The next scene shows in a remarkably disobliging way the meeting between Prince Mdvani and Miss Barbara "Ten Cent Store" Hutton. But the Censor then seems to have got busy, for the best sketches from the American Revue on which this show is based do not appear in London. There is, however, a brilliant parody of Mr. Noel Coward's style, in which Miss Dorothy Dickson brings the house down by her grand guying of Miss Lynn Fontane. Miss Phyllis Monkman appears frequently, but is given precious few straws to drop bricks with. Miss Zinkeisen is making great progress as a stage-designer: her costumes in this revue are rather uninspired, but her sets are witty and charming. The real star of the show is Mr. Hassard Short who has "created" the lighting effects—the *finale* of the first part is quite extraordinarily pretty and effective. And the waltz accompanying it is as luscious as chocolate fudge and as catching as the influenza. (It is called "You and the Night and the Music," and the second line, believe it or not, is "Fill me with Flaming Desire.") Altogether this show keeps raising our hopes and then letting us down. With drastic revision, it could grow into a top-notch entertainment.

"Man of Yesterday" at the St. Martin's

It is easy, but probably unprofitable, to be very angry about this play. Here is an idea of the very first importance—that of a man who has awakened in hospital at the age of 41 fully convinced that he is only 24 and has just come from the Somme battlefield. Seventeen years of his life are a blank to him, and he is faced with the problem of adjusting his "wartime mentality" to a world which has forgotten that such a thing could exist. During these seventeen years he has lived a normal placid life, for the most part as a good husband and bank-manager. One pictures Pirandello worrying the idea until it has given up its ultimate paradox. Even M. Bommart, the author, has seen a better play than he has attempted to write. What he has written is a rather commonplace story in which the man, finding his wife to be a complete stranger and a nag at that, runs away with the nurse who fell in love with him in the hospital. One's anger grows when one realises that the whole development of the play actually depends on the character of the wife—had she shown the slightest sympathetic understanding, the play, according to M. Bommart's understanding, would have collapsed in the middle of the second act. This is no way to treat a good idea, but there is a tolerable amount of rather sentimental entertainment in the piece and a capable company makes the most of its chances. Leslie Banks plays the returned soldier with a bewildered vigour and saves the author's face by covering up every trace of introspective analysis in the character—a very clever piece of acting. Gillian Lind controls her intelligent impulses as the stupid wife, and Anne Todd searches valiantly for signs of intelligence in the nurse. Here is a very able young actress struggling against overwhelming odds; but she achieves one very moving moment just before curtain-fall.

Marionettes at the Arts

Perhaps the transposition into English of the adventures of Wasif and Akif, with which Herr Paul Brann's miniature mummers from Munich opened their visit to the Arts Theatre Club this week, is an event as yet too recent to be comfortably adjusted; for at any rate their performance lacked the perfection of their recent Nativity Play in German at the Grafton Theatre. Perhaps comedy is a less appropriate medium than pathos for the higher flights of puppet art, or it may be that more music and more variety in the literal music-hall sense of acrobats and skits are required than was available in this production. The success of the Nativity play gives grounds for hope that the Faust drama which is promised in the present season's programme will be more effective; for it does seem that where the puppet excels is in the expression of intensity of feeling or at least participation in an atmosphere which, by a paradox, more closely imitates the real world. Moreover, of all the fairy-tales, the Arabian Nights, from which the adventures of Wasif and Akif are taken, are the most sophisticated and prosaic; and sophisticated in the Voltairian sense of puppetising human psychology, a prank which by the same aforesaid paradox fits incongruously the actual puppet stage. None the less the satire of these two public rogues, a pick-pocket and a highwayman, who are victims of a colossal private racketeering on the part of a wife whom they unconsciously share is wholly delightful. There is unimpeachable Satanic justice in the wife's solution of the difficulty, when the cat is out of the bag, by her award of the prize of acknowledged matrimony to the bolder of the villains, and the promise of surreptitious adultery to the more cunning.

Modern Chinese Painting

The Exhibition of modern Chinese painting at the New Burlington Galleries should prove a popular entertainment. For once the gallery-trotter can give a rest to his prejudices and enjoy what his eye tells him to without bothering about tendencies and fashions, influences and isms. The critic, that is to say the ordinary critic accustomed to hunting for needles in the annual haystack of the London Group, is free from the necessity of making those comparisons which may or may not be invidious but which are certainly very trying at times. Until one has steeped oneself in this sort of thing, and knows where it has sprung from and why, it is mere foolishness to start assessing the relative merits of the innumerable bamboos and lotuses painted in devastating shades of grey by a dozen gentlemen of accomplishment and sensibility and with names impossible to remember.

A first glance round suggests that Mr. Liu Hai-su has more sheer ability than most of his rivals, and this is shown to be a safe bet when the catalogue reveals that he and no other is the Director of the Shanghai Academy of Fine Arts. His *Old Deserted Horse* is presumably the high-water mark of contemporary Chinese academicism, but his magnificently sturdy yet quiveringly involved design called *Lotus* (65) seemed to me an infinitely worthier and more self-sufficient effort. His own preface to the catalogue helps a little by explaining which of the artists satisfy the most exacting Chinese standards, but to my unenlightened eye two of the most impressive works on view are *Still Life* and *Bamboo and Rock* (97 and 96) by Mr. Jen Pai-nen, who is not mentioned. All one can do, in short, is walk round and lose oneself in the distilled sensibility manifest in this great parade of exquisite brushwork and design, realising that one is missing half the fun yet finding enough to make a long journey worth while. There is wonder, too, in the fact that the most highly stylised and conventionalised technique in the world is also the vehicle for the most exclusively individual expression of personality and feeling.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, March 1st—
- Prof. Collinet on "The Evolution of Roman Obligations," London School of Economics, 5.
- Sir Philip Hartog on "Some Aspects of Indian Education, Past, Present and Future," Institute of Education, Southampton Row, 5.30.
- Public Protest Meeting against War in Abyssinia, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Road, 7.30.
- Dora Russell on "Socialism and Sex," Conway Hall, 7.30.
- Cortot, Liszt Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.

SATURDAY, March 2nd—
- Rugby Football. Royal Navy *v.* Army, Twickenham.
- London Concert Orchestra, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
- Rachmaninoff, Queen's Hall, 3.
- Maurice Dobb on "The Economic Significance of the Abolition of Bread Rationing in the U.S.S.R.," Conway Hall, 8.15.

SUNDAY, March 3rd—
- Gerald Heard on "The Present Position of Psychical Research," Conway Hall, 11.
- Herbert Murrill and Margaret Good, Pianoforte Recital, Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, 6.30.

TUESDAY, March 5th—
- Jan Gordon on "Probabilities and Possibilities in Art," Lecture Hall, London School of Hygiene, Keppel Street, 6.
- Prof. H. J. Laski on "The Temper of the Present Time," Conway Hall, 7.
- D. N. Pritt and Harry Pollitt on "Two Years of Hitler Rule," Kingsway Hall, 8.

THURSDAY, March 7th—
- W. A. Robson on "The Metropolis," London School of Economics, 5.
- Institute of Psycho-Analysis, Miss M. N. Searl on "Curiosity: Can Questions be Answered?" Caxton Hall, 8.
- Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Spirit of London, by Paul Cohen-Portheim (Batsford, 7*s.* 6*d.*), is one of the best books about London that have been written since the War. Do not be misled by the title, with its suggestion of a globe-trotting journalist "in search of" something; for the book itself combines the merits of a guide and an interpretative essay with astonishing skill. I am continually being asked by people to recommend a book on London which will see them round and which they can enjoy reading at leisure: here at last it is. Paul Cohen-Portheim (he died in 1932) was a German Jew and a man of exceptional talent, who turned from painting and stage-designing to writing books largely as a result of the war. In August, 1914, he happened to be staying in England with friends and found himself unable to return to the Continent—he had mentioned Paris as a residence, a fact which apparently puzzled the officials who were keeping an eye on stranded Germans. Finally he was arrested and transported to the Isle of Man, where he spent the next three years in an internment camp. His account of these years, given in a book called *Time Stood Still*, is remarkably vivid and detached. The War appears in reflection as a series of distant panics worked up by the newspapers of both sides into the explosions of a super-Reinhardt spectacle, and we see the prisoners dividing into three social classes, taking up trades and ill-assorted love affairs, rushing out of their dormitories at all hours of the day and night to prowl round in a frantic desire for privacy. One day Portheim was painting the hill which rose outside the camp when a fellow-prisoner looking over his shoulder remarked: "Why, you've left out the *barbed wire!*" "Yes, I've *left out* the barbed wire," he replied. When he came out, he was astounded to see people eating and drinking and reading newspapers as though there had never been a war; the common sights shocked him by their sheer barbarity. It was a sensitiveness more of the intellect than the imagination, the futility rather than the brutality of war oppressed him, and in the various books which he wrote between 1915 and 1932—*The Message of Asia*, *England the Unknown Isle*, *The Spirit of France*—his real theme was the values of civilised thought and feeling. He was an internationalist in the modern sense, but also a "good European" of the type which has been produced by Germany since the eighteenth century. Goethe, Karl Baedeker and the foreign correspondents of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* are all in their different ways products of the same tradition. Cohen-Portheim was equally at home in Paris, London or Berlin; he had the sort of impartiality (so foreign to Englishmen) which enables a man to absorb new surroundings and pass judgment on them at the same time. His books on France and England are brilliant proof of this. *The Spirit of London* was completed shortly before his death. It might have been written by an Englishman—except that one cannot think of an Englishman who would have done it quite so well.

* * *

London has been depicted in more vivid and appealing colours by M. Paul Morand. (*A Frenchman's London* was published here last year.) The rich brown of his fogs, the trams like gondolas, the figures scuttling across bridges in the half-light, made a delightful impression which seemed at times to belong to a recent but already legendary past. There was the perspective, too, of personal memories and changing fashions. By comparison *The Spirit of London* is subdued and reflective—always reasonable, often nearer the truth. And Morand, of course, was painting a picture, while Cohen-Portheim is drawing a likeness. The merits of this critical guide-book (for that is what it is) are difficult to convey in quotation, for it keeps fairly close to its pattern and, as we read, the author does not so much ask us to admire a view as provoke us to test his judgments. He has a relish, too, for many things which the foreigner is apt to dislike and the Londoner to take for granted: pubs, coloured scarves and ties, the river down to Greenwich, Saturday nights in Islington or the Edgware Road. Here is a paragraph on a street which has been described by a thousand observers before (compare it with your guide-books):

> There are many modern shops and bazaars in London, and one can see plenty of marble, glass, bronze, and indirect lighting—but hardly in Bond Street, for all that may be all right for shops which need advertisement or wish to attract the masses (Drage's in Oxford Street is one of the best examples of the kind), but Bond Street disdains advertising. Nor does it arrange its shop windows particularly well. You have to look a little closely, and then you will discover that nearly every one of these shops bears a name of world repute, and you will find the most famous art dealers, jewellers, cigarette manufacturers, leather goods shops, etc., in impressive sequence. Bond Street means quality—and the prices which go with that—and bought in Bond Street is their guarantee. The street is at its brightest before and after lunch, its life begins late and finishes early, and it is really itself only during the Season when it is crowded with all the people from England and from abroad who can afford to buy its goods. Then it is a street of well-dressed women and super-smart men with a characteristic swinging gait you never seem to see elsewhere, and a procession of expensive cars, occasionally varied by a carriage drawn by marvellously groomed horses, in which sit old ladies with remarkable Victorian hats. It is crowded and busy, but yet leisurely, for all these people are idlers. It used to be a boundary of the strictly residential Mayfair, but its spirit has now extended its domain west as well as east, and conquered the adjoining streets: Grafton, Bruton, Dover, Albemarle Streets, and Berkeley Street, which has become a serious rival. It has conquered Hanover Square, now a stronghold of dressmakers in the east, and is now threatening Berkeley Square in the west.

Though not showy, that is a good and accurate description of what Bond Street is; he misses nothing essential.

* * *

The same intelligent perception will be found in nearly every paragraph of the book. Of Wren's spires, he observes "while the details belong to the classical alphabet, the general impression produced by these churches is romantic, picturesque, northern"; he notes that an all-white street (such as Regent Street) does not suit London skies, "it belongs to Paris"; Park Lane is "a Brighton Parade facing a park instead of the sea." And he is as sensitive to the differences (especially the class differences) between people as between streets. Crowds at Lord's and in Whitechapel, the interior of the Athenaeum and of a Lyons corner-house, street markets, theatre queues, employment exchanges—he gets them all. By the quietest of means, by discreet generalisation and contrast, a picture is filled in which really does give us something of the "spirit of London"—its drifting crowds, little towns with high streets, and across the dingy miles tramcars sailing in all directions.

* * *

I went through the book several times merely looking at the photographs. There are a hundred and fifty of these, and they not only illustrate, but add considerably to the wit and perceptiveness of the text. Most of them are snapshots (and it is a relief to find the camera handled in this way again), which aim at catching the off-moments in the life of a city. We are shown the rush-hour in a bargain basement, a guardsman flirting with two girls in the park, the Christmas toy-vendors outside Gamages, Gracie Fields singing at the Holborn Empire. When two photographs appear over one another on the same page their juxtaposition is fanciful or serves to emphasise some contrast. The eyes right of a Wimbledon crowd is succeeded by an eyes left in an expensive night club; Christie's and a stall at the Caledonian Market appear together; the distinction between upper and lower middle-class is shown by air-views of Tooting and Wimbledon, the first a geometrical pattern of urban roofs, the second a well-shrubbed area of dolls' houses. It is a delightful piece of impressionism, suggesting those excellent films of city life, Ruttmann's *Berlin* and Calvacanti's *Paris*. *The Spirit of London* is worth buying for the photographs alone.

G. W. STONIER

NEW NOVELS

Mr. Norris Changes Trains. By CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD. *Hogarth Press.* 7s. 6d.

The Cat With the Moustache. By "SIMON." *Wishart.* 7s. 6d.

Pale Guests. By JAMES CLEUGH. *Barker.* 7s. 6d.

Bitter Draught. By MICHAEL MATVEEV. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

Cat Across the Path. By RUTH FEINER. *Harrap.* 7s. 6d.

Cactus. By ETHEL MANNIN. *Jarrolds.* 7s. 6d.

When first given novels to review I was told of the two golden rules for this kind of journalism. Never to use "I," and always to link the books up by some common denominator, to bind them, in the kitchen sense, into a well-rounded article by a liaison of generalities. It seems high time both these rules should be broken. A mere veto on one personal pronoun is not going to stop a reviewer talking about himself; and since novel-reviewing is so much a matter of individual preference, it seems absurd to disclaim the fact. The second rule, by which books are grouped by their subject instead of being classed by their merit is a direct cause of the lack of standards in estimating modern fiction. How often has one read (or written) "four out of these six books deal with the only child (though of different ages and sexes). Ever since Oedipus the only child has occupied a peculiar position" . . . a thousand words follow. . . . "The remaining two books, *The Waves* and *Once Aboard the Lugger* are both about the sea." I will therefore refrain from mentioning the obvious geographical and political affinities of these books and get down to the difficult task of praising *Mr. Norris Changes Trains* as it deserves. It is extremely amusing and readable, a book one cannot put down, a book worth seven and sixpence. Mr. Norris is a minor international crook living in Berlin, a cultured survival of the 'nineties, and an ardent boot-fetichist. The hero is a young man who teaches English there and who feels curiously protective about this hopeless elderly creature in a wig whom he meets in a railway carriage. The story is of the vicissitudes of this friendship during the months when Nazis and communists were struggling for power and Bruening steadily losing it. Superficially the book is just an exciting comedy, with moments of danger, and a great many humorous touches like the charming picture of Mr. Norris's visit to his whack-house, or his literary dinners, depicted with simplicity and gaiety. But there is something more. The author is clearly an intelligent young man and realises the dangers of writing about such a type, yet the hero's reactions are clearly more valuable than those of Mr. Norris, who is out to profit from any regime so long as he can make enough money for his wigs and wiggings. Consequently, while the stream of the book flows along round the mystery of Mr. Norris, a strong undertow carries the reader towards the problems of his young friend, whom we see first as a rather overweening undergraduate, with a bias toward tolerance and elasticity, and then, through his relations with Norris, we are made to realise after all how intolerant and inelastic he is. By the end of the book he has grown up. If only all autobiographies were written so unobtrusively!

The Cat With the Moustache is an anonymous work, though I fancy a solitary mention of the Scilly Islands (like the reference to Torquemada in Mr. Hull's *Murder of My Aunt*) gives a clue to the author. It is a thriller, highly improbable, but well-written, exciting, and with the same engaging quality that you will find in *Mr. Norris*. There are several technical mistakes—why was the butler murdered, and does not one dwarf lead too obviously to another? But I enjoyed it immensely, particularly the information about mescal (peyote-peotl), the cactus drug, which is supposed to be non-habit-forming and which combines the repose of Mr. Huxley's soma with a gala performance of all six senses as well.

Pale Guests is also a thriller, but with a moralising Lawrence-on-the-Rampion background and here, for the first time, we become acutely conscious of an author's style. This seems to me a middlebrow book. In the other two the intelligence of the authors is kept in the background, is exercised in selection and order rather than in phrasing and comment, and their style is subservient to their subject. Here it is not. "From that promising start in old Bohemia he hoped eventually to reach the borders of his own particular *terrain*, the Yellow Decadence. The name of Aubrey Beardsley was rising, in all its complex arabesqual riot of dashed and dotted detail, like a figure in one of that artist's own most luxurious compositions, from George's rich subliminal mine." The mystification-note of the middlebrow again, the creation of unnecessary difficulties and untrue comparisons. There is nothing arabesque about an artist's name. What the writer says is "the name of Aubrey Beardsley—with it's terrific Aubrey Beardsleyishness—was rising like an Aubrey Beardsley." "Tony Sutton . . . . defended himself with deprecating despair against Miss Watts' mosquitorial aggressions" is another example. Yes, obscurantism, philosophising, instruction and uplift; one begins to form an idea of the middlebrow ingredients. A book can be violent or erotic, but a middlebrow book must be "powerful." And there must always be a powder in the jam. I feel strongly about this because it seems to me that the middlebrow is strangling fiction. The novel should be, at the highest, a form of art, at the lowest, a form of entertainment. The middlebrow novel is neither, but a creation of muddled thinking, turgid writing, and spurious vigour with one eye on the cinema rights and the other on the book societies.

Not that *Pale Guests* is as sinister as all that. Apart from the way it is written, and the tedious moralising at the end, there is a genuine macabre element which is not often found in present-day novels. The insane psychologist who uses his power to increase suffering rather than diminish it is an admirable bogy man. The whole book would make an excellent film, with Conrad Veidt as the central figure, and it has not the undercurrent of "I like a jolly good flesh-creep sometimes, don't you?" which one encounters in Mr. Hugh Walpole's thrillers. Occasionally there is a falling-off.

> Mr. Pratt treated the occupants of the hall to a formidable example of obscene cursing. . . . The filth was almost completely continuous, the images horrific. . . . The older lady's bird-like countenance was distorted with disgust and horror.
>
> Eric Winslow shouted at the Colossus:
>
> "Shut up, will you!"
>
> Mr. Pratt stopped his picturesque invective at once, grinned, then frowned horribly and rose with lumbering movements to his feet He advanced threateningly upon the poet. "—— to you!"

Bitter Draught is a hopeless book. It tells of the sufferings of a Jewish family in their wanderings from Russia via Roumania to Paris. It begins with a pogrom, a most gruesome description of a grim business, the reader feels. I suppose it is after the first fifty pages that the blows of fate begin to lose their punch. We have probably all experienced in *Voyage au bout de la nuit* that point of satiation when we exclaim "Come, come, M. Céline, not another plug that won't pull!" And in *Bitter Draught* we soon feel this way about a rape or a murder. In truth I can recommend this book as a comedy in the everything-goes-wrong vein of Jerome or Burnand. At length the persecuted family are allowed to leave and reach Paris, where they find work. This is the end of the last chapter, called "Life."

> I went to the hospital office.
>
> "I want to see my sister-in-law who died last night."
>
> "You mean you want to see the body?"
>
> "Yes, the body. . . ."
>
> My brother disappeared; he was not at the funeral. No one knows where he is.
>
> Life has to go on.
>
> There is still my mother, who is very old, and the child, which is ill.

The book is extremely well translated by Mr. Desmond Flower; it is a pity he was saddled with such an incorrigible hit-me-again as the hero of the story.

Cat Across the Path is the first novel by a young German woman about two rival jazz pianists of Berlin. It is rather more able than one would expect, but it is difficult to see why these two books should have been translated. There are still so many American novels which one can't get here, that one would rather have more of them and fewer tales of Central Europe. I do not think we have had any of the stories of Katharine Anne Porter, or Nathaniel West's brilliant and disturbing *Miss Lonelihearts*.

Cactus is the story of a woman who, in defiance of the accepted notions of anthropology, identifies her inner life with a cactus.

> Cacti grew very slowly, he said. They were independent and proud, he said; they had a proud kind of loneliness, and well they might be proud, and indifferent to what people thought or did, for they carried inside themselves the splendid scarlet secret of their flower.
>
> But the flowering of a cactus wasn't for everyone to see; you had to have patience; you had to respect their slow, secret growth; you had to have faith.
>
> The child Elspeth nodded and understood.

Miss Mannin has just told the readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION what she thinks of art, so it would be unfair to assess this novel from a literary standpoint, except to mention that of the two

alternative plurals which she adopts for the title-word, cactii is a little startling. As a revolutionary tract it deals bravely and intelligently with the last thirty years in their relation to women, and concludes with an appeal to women to help end war by bringing on the workers' revolution. At present Miss Mannin presents the paradox of a genuine and fanatical rebel writing in the language of the magazine serial, with its emphasis and evasions. It will be interesting to see which wins out.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

A HISTORY OF EUROPE

A History of Europe. By THE RT. HON. H. A. L. FISHER. Vol. I. ANCIENT AND MEDIAEVAL. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 18*s.*

Mr. Fisher begins his book with neolithic man and will end it with Hitler. The full turning of this immense, fantastic, melancholy circle has taken many thousand years. Mr. Fisher is enclosing it in three volumes. The first is before us; it opens with the neolithic age and savage hunters with their stone implements and weapons drifting northward through forests of beech and oak; it ends with Mohammed II and his hordes of Asiatic nomads storming the city of Constantinople and with the death of the last Byzantine Emperor, Constantine VI. This part of his story is told by Mr. Fisher in 400 pages. We give the figures, for they show at once the scale on which this history is being written, and it is important that the reader of this review should understand what the scale is if he wishes to understand some of the criticism which follows.

The title of the work accurately describes its contents. Here is a history of Europe or perhaps of European civilisation (or barbarism) "from the earliest times to the present day." It is a curious fact that Mr. Fisher has the field to himself, so far as the English language is concerned. I do not think there is any modern book in English which attempts to cover the whole of European history on this scale. Let me present the roses of genuine appreciation before I uncover the thorns of criticism. Mr. Fisher is admirably equipped for his task. He is an academic historian of distinction, but he has avoided the minute specialisation of the modern scientific historian so that his vision of Europe and its history is not obscured by a microscopic knowledge of some crevice in one of its corners. He not only knows how history is or should be written, but, like Thucydides, he has had a certain inside knowledge of how it is made, for, as a Minister in the Cabinet of Mr. Lloyd George, he presumably saw at close quarters how the rulers of men handle and are handled by great events. He has a cultured mind and a cultured pen, and his historical judgment is sober and that of a good European. The ancestors of his book are Gibbon and Macaulay, as may be seen in this sentence which refers to the Normans; "To the marine skill of the Scandinavians they added all that was then known of cavalry warfare and the poliorcetic art." In this tradition and style every event in the stupid and squalid story of European barbarism acquires a certain dignity. This comforting result is often achieved by the cultured use of irony, an instrument which Mr. Fisher occasionally employs with considerable skill, as for instance when he writes of the Pope, Innocent III, "Had the laws of currency been familiar to the thirteenth century, so astute a statesman can hardly have refrained from reflecting that indulgences, like bank-notes, may be over-issued and that no paper promise is apt more rapidly to depreciate than that of which there is an unlimited supply."

The result is a book which can be read with profit and pleasure. Here one can read a straightforward, dignified narrative of the procession of events from the neolithic savage to the Turk, and from the Turk to the Great War and Hitler, while, rather like a Sophoclean chorus, Mr. Fisher at intervals provides just the right amount of comment. The work and the writer have, however, to be judged by higher standards than this and it is here that criticism must begin. I felt too often the question rise in my mind, while reading this volume: "For whom is it written?" It seems to be perpetually in danger of falling between two stools, on one of which sit Gibbon and Macaulay and on the other a writer of historical text-books. This defect is caused partly by Mr. Fisher's view of history and partly by the scale on which he has chosen to write about it. He says in his preface that he can see in history no plot, no rhythm, no predetermined pattern, but only "one emergency following upon another as wave follows wave." This view may be right or it may be wrong; it adds enormously to the difficulty of revealing 2,000 years of European history in 400 pages. If Mr. Fisher really treated these 2,000 years as merely one emergency

Said he'd never marry!

So, with only himself to consider, he just wanted an easy, economical Plan for making provision for his own later years. But when he was shown that the "Bachelor" Plan of the Sun Life of Canada did this without ruling out the interests of a possible Mrs. J. and a possible Miss and Master J., then this wise young man of 25 years of age became quite enthusiastic.

He adopted the Plan, knowing that never again could he get it on such advantageous terms, because never again would he be so young.

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Name.....

Address.....

Occupation ..... Exact date of Birth .....

New Statesman, 2.3.35.

after another, he would have produced nothing but a text-book. That he does not do so is shown by the fact that he devotes six pages out of his 400 to Dante, his poetry and even his lack of humour. These six pages are extremely interesting and well worth reading, but there is something wrong in the scale of a work which professes to see history as a mere succession of events and yet devotes the same number of pages to the poetry of Dante as it does to the emergencies which intervened between the death of Julius Caesar and the reign of Pertinax. It is possible to write history on the scale of 2,000 years to 400 pages for so crowded an area as Europe in a series of brilliant generalisations. The generalisations, would, no doubt, not be true, but if the writer had sufficient knowledge, honesty and imagination, they might help us to understand how these emergencies had followed one another through the ages more clearly than any amount of detailed narration. The trouble with Mr. Fisher is that he eschews the generalisations, but has not sufficient space for detailed narration. After packing the emergencies of the first 250 years of the Roman Empire into six pages, he seems to feel that his book is becoming a text-book and that the balance may be righted by giving six pages to Dante. But the result is a considerable amount of wobble.

LEONARD WOOLF

YOUNG SOBERSIDES

Growing Opinions. Edited and Designed by ALAN CAMPBELL JOHNSON, with a Preface by Prof. J. B. S. HALDANE. *Methuen.* 6s.

When Youth is heard knocking at the door, those of us already installed within naturally feel a little anxious. Here are the voices of our supplanters, perhaps of our persecutors. The editor of this volume felt that " in face of the immense organisation of youth opinion in other countries " there was " some small necessity for a symposium of essays written by British citizens between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five." With the best will in the world he could not succeed in making his team very representative. Miss Dorothy Hyson, for instance, who is an actress, in her essay on *Careers for Women* opines that medicine should " remain " solely a man's vocation. I should have enjoyed a balancing article by a woman doctor advocating a return to the admirable Elizabethan practice of having all feminine roles played by boys. Mr. Neil Hutchison, again, telling us what the young think about religion, warmly advocates undogmatic Christianity; but I should have supposed that a more general tendency was either to accept Catholicism or else to reject all religious beliefs, except perhaps those advocated by the disciples of Marx or of D. H. Lawrence. And then Mr. Frank Hardie, who writes the excellent article on *Youth and Politics*, is a strong Socialist. Yet the chief difference in opinion which I notice between the young intellectuals of fifteen or twenty years ago and those of to-day is that the latter are many of them keen Communists. In fact to give a reasonable representation of *British Youth Outlook* this book would need to be five times as long. And the rest of us may be thankful that the young are so sensible as to be divided in their opinions. For the Youth Movement in Germany has flowered into the brutality of the Brown Shirts, and I should not welcome here a tyranny of unanimous and enthusiastic vicenarians.

At the same time it is rather dull to find how respectful the young remain to the gods of the preceding generation. Mr. Douglas Lord, for instance, writing on Painting, may dismiss the Impressionists with contemptuous talk of their " *bourgeois* ideology " (at which I begin to gobble like any red-faced Diehard); but, alas, he ends with the reassuring statement that all manners of art " stand or fall by their formal, plastic, dare I say aesthetic significance ": nothing Marxian here, after all, but Clive Bell, vintage 1914. Similarly Mr. David Huxley holds up to our admiration " D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, T. S. Eliot, Virginia Woolf, possibly Auden; who else? " These, except for " possibly Auden," are the writers whom my generation was boosting fifteen years ago and more. Nowhere in this book can I detect any signs of revolt against the prevalent political or aesthetic tastes of the *intelligentsia*. The trouble, I suspect, is that most of the contributors were brought up in highly civilised and unrepressive homes, which provided little incentive to rebellion. But somewhere there must be flaming youths, who would call the authors of *Growing Opinions* mere *epigoni*; who would dismiss Picasso and Mrs. Woolf as we used to dismiss Mr. Frank Brangwyn and Mr. Galsworthy, and who would bow their heads to names of which we have never heard. A touch more of fire, in fact, would have been appropriate, but how comforting to find the Young believing in the light of reason!

The worst faults of this book are in the actual writing, and I suspect that this is because English prose is still so negligently or stupidly taught. On the whole the two best-written papers are both by girls, Miss Sally Graves and Miss Angela Milne (who may not have as much to say as some of her fellows but who says it with the ease of a natural writer). The first advice to give to any young writer is " Don't be pompous," and a number of the contributors to this volume could profit from it. Mr. Spencer Barrett, for instance, in a very good essay on " The Greek Tradition," feels obliged to condemn " the lurking nastiness you get in the cinema and on the stage to-day." And no octogenarian head-mistress could be more severe than Miss Crystal Herbert upon the charming quality in women's clothes known as *chic*. Mr. Michael Matthews writing on Music, Mr. Peter Glenville on the Theatre, Mr. Warren Triggs on " Youth and Pleasures " are all equally hostile to frivolous amusements. This, of course, may be the specific attitude of Modern Youth; we may be in for a Puritan revival, and as we grow older we shall, like the survivors from the Regency in the reign of Queen Victoria, be increasingly despised as disgusting old rakes. But I prefer to hope that this terrifically high moral tone is a legacy from the authors' schooldays, when they assumed it under the impression that it would gratify their examiners. In any case almost all intelligent persons are, when very young, rather priggish, and the outstanding virtue of every essay in this book is its intense sincerity. They none of them put forward paradoxical opinions just to make an effect; their object is not to appear clever but to say what they think and feel. If the future of England lies in their hands, it will become increasingly a country fit for human beings to live in. In the interesting process of growing middle-aged they are likely to see that irony and a touch of cynicism are compatible with strong feeling, and that even the builders of Jerusalem can afford to be tolerant to the weaknesses of those who are their elders, but so emphatically not their betters.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

TRADE UNION PRACTICES

Are Trade Unions Obstructive? An Impartial Inquiry. Under the joint editorship of JOHN HILTON, J. J. MALLON, SAM MAVOR, B. SEEBOHM ROWNTREE, SIR ARTHUR SALTER, FRANK D. STUART, assisted by VIDA M. S. HEIGHAM. *Gollancz.* 5s.

A lot of water has flowed under the bridges since Richard Cobden declared that " nothing can be got by fraternising with Trade Unions. They are founded upon principles of brutal tyranny and monopoly. I would rather live under a Dey of Algiers than a Trade Committee." Few would endorse those sentiments to-day. But there are still a good many who believe that one of the main activities of the Trade Unions consists in putting sand into the wheels of industry. The evidence very carefully collected and fairly weighed in this book should go far to dispel current illusions on the subject. In attempting to answer the question, " Are Trade Unions obstructive? " Professor Hilton and his collaborators first studied a number of collective agreements and records of industrial negotiations. They then took thirteen of the principal British industries, interviewed employers' organisations and representative employers in each, and having collated and arranged their statements, submitted these for comment to the Trade Unions concerned. All this information is presented methodically in separate chapters—each containing a short description of the industry, the employers' point of view, the Unions' reply, and a summary by the editors—with a final chapter passing judgment on the case as a whole. This procedure cannot claim to give us the whole truth and nothing but the truth. But it clears up much confusion; it sifts fact from fancy; and it results in a finding on the main point at issue which will not easily be refuted—within the limits imposed and the assumptions made by the editors.

Two of those assumptions it is important to notice at the outset. The first is that the policy of attempting to secure and maintain a general high level of wages is not (though the enforcement of particular rates in certain circumstances may be) a " restriction " for which the Trade Unions can be taken to task. Some capitalist die-hards may demur to that. The second will be a stumbling-block to a school of thought at the opposite extreme. The editors—for the purpose of this inquiry at least—accept the industrial system as it is, and assume therefore that the Unions' interest

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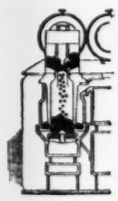

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is to operate it as harmoniously as possible with the employers. Syndicalists or revolutionary Socialists will doubtless object that this vitiates much of the argument; for, as they see it, the workers' business is not to be "reasonable" by capitalist—or even neutral or impartial—standards, and "obstructiveness" should be counted a merit and not a fault in a Trade Union. It would be idle, however, to pursue this point. If the book had embarked on such a controversy, it would have been quite a different, and almost certainly a less useful, book. It is, as it stands, a very valuable piece of work.

The thirteen selected industries range from the biggest—coal mining, engineering and building, all employing something like a million workers—to the moderate sized, such as furniture, with 136,000, and glass, with 40,000, workers. In the majority of cases the relations between the Trade Unions and the employers, it is agreed by both sides, are good—in some even cordial. In one or two, notably cotton, they are bad. The restrictive regulations or practices of the Unions that are complained of turn out on analysis to be relatively slight. Most of the coal mining employers who were interviewed had no fault at all to find. Some did find fault, but with the management rather than the Unions. And one objected to the "moral" rather than the material restrictions. "The Unions, it is contended, are governed by political considerations, and will 'sacrifice the industry for the sake of preconceived economic fallacies.'" A contention which surely sounds like Satan rebuking sin! In the docks, on the other hand, the Trade Unions admit to maintaining restrictions; but they justify their attitude by cogent arguments. They insist that

> an industry should accept some measure of responsibility for its workers. The whole history of the dock industry, they contend, shows that the employers have consistently refused to do their duty in this respect. Improvements in working conditions have only been conceded after bitter opposition, and the condition of the docker is still far too precarious for him to consider any concessions until the employers have given convincing proof of a change of heart. . . . To the Unions the essential factor in any consideration of working conditions is the lack of security which is an ever-present menace to the docker.

And on this issue the editors, though they find it necessary to pass some censure on the Unions, come down on the whole against the employers, whose case they consider is largely vitiated "by their continued adherence to the 'pool of casual labour' and the 'stand system' which were so roundly condemned in the Shaw Report." Is it not conceivable that some of the complaints of employers in other industries are likewise vitiated by their adherence to practices or claims which, whether on grounds of equity or of the general interest, are equally open to condemnation?

The particular forms of Trade Union restriction, great or small, real or supposed (which are classified under half a dozen main heads), naturally vary in their incidence in different industries. Thus apprenticeship regulations are prominent mainly in building and woodworking, engineering, shipbuilding and printing. But the editors find that troubles on this head are far less serious than they had expected. Resistance to payment by results is most obstinate again in building and woodworking and printing, and also in the docks—in all of which the Unions have strong, if not unanswerable, reasons for clinging to time-rates. The manning of machines is a vexed question in a number of jobs. In cotton, for example, there is the "more-looms-per-weaver" dispute, and in printing there are grumbles at the conditions which the Unions seek to impose. In iron and steel, on the contrary, there seems to be no friction at all. The Iron and Steel Trades Confederation never oppose the introduction of new machinery; the decision as to the number of men required to run any machine is settled by mutual agreement between management and workers. Demarcation disputes, which have been a widespread and acute irritant in the past, have now happily diminished. They are still a nuisance in two or three trades, especially building and engineering. But the editors consider that the really indefensible cases are rare to-day, and that "some of the restrictions to which employers take exception are necessary to ensure that responsible work is well and truly done." And they remind us that the Trade Union movement itself has long been concerned with this problem, and must be credited with a good deal of the success achieved in reducing demarcation difficulties and absurdities.

In the end, after all the evidence has been marshalled, the Trade Unions come pretty well out of the inquiry. Restrictions are found to be far fewer than they used to be, and of less importance—in some instances even legitimate. The defendants, in short, are discharged with a caution—or, at least, a homily. In two or three industries—docks and cotton and woollen textiles—severer strictures are passed on employers and workers alike. The strictures may be deserved. But some much more potent remedy is required for the rottenness in those industries than the co-operation of capital and labour which Professor Hilton and his colleagues advocate.

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Touching the Orient. By SACHEVERELL SITWELL. *Duckworth.* 5s.

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knee, stands, supported by his lance, hour after hour gazing out over the marshes and watching the cattle :

> They are unclothed (writes Mr. Sitwell) and naked save for a rust-red cloak that they wear with the dignity of a Roman warrior, giving to this simple cloak the air of expense and elaboration of a dress from one of the *grandes maisons* of Paris. . . . They wear tight-fitting skull-caps of bright blue, or white, beads ; inlaying them as it were into their woolly hair. . . . Bracelets and anklets of beads point, still further, their naturally slim wrists and ankles. . . . These are the men. The women are more naked still ; but no more magnificent nudity could be imagined. . . . The women of the Dinka are, at once, the statues of a golden age and the models of our own contemporary standard of looks. Their small heads, crowned with little caps of beads, their thin hips, the slimness of their limbs, everything about them is of the present, as it is of the antique past.

And Mr. Sitwell supplements this enchanting fresco by a vignette of a young Dinka warrior and his squire, their bodies painted a dull unreal green, walking hand in hand through a valley one morning just before dawn : " It took one back five thousand years. We might have been walking in the fields below Mycenae. . . . They came up and spoke to us, not greatly astonished, and went on their way again, without looking back, not in the least surprised that we were unable to understand their words " :

> J'aime le souvenir de ces époques nues,
> Dont Phoebus se plaisait à dorer les statues.
> Alors l'homme et la femme en leur agilité
> Jouissaient sans mensonge et sans anxiété,
> Et, le ciel amoureux, leur caressant l'échine,
> Exerçaient la santé de leur noble machine.

—Mr. Sitwell might have concluded ; and although, for the amorous sky suggested by a Romantic poet, we must substitute the torrid climate of the Sudan—a furnace, with the furnace door opened to admit a draught at the hour of sunset—it is with a feeling of nostalgia, of putting behind us a lost world, that his readers follow him north and west.

The second essay, an introduction to *The Mosques of Cairo*, is disappointingly short. *Relizane*, sub-titled *First pages of a book upon Morocco*, is mainly concerned with a horrifying recollection of Eastern beggars at their worst ; and *Oran* contains memories of Goya and George Borrow, besides a passing reference to the legend of the Foreign Legion. What with legionaries, whining cripples in the dust of a squalid modern French colonial town, and the boulevards, newspaper kiosks and tin urinals of Algiers, we have returned to the universe we know ; but there is some consolation in the thought that, while the human race may have lost the simplicity of the primitive pastoral peoples, its vices and superstitions have themselves become a proof of the inexhaustible fertility of the human mind. Thus, monasticism, often derided as the perversion of every wholesome instinct, produces now and then spectacles of a complicated and corrupt grandeur far beyond the reach of any porphyry-skinned savage ; and in his fifth section Mr. Sitwell, with the help of an early Chinese traveller, Hsiouen-Thsang, reconstructs the magnificent panorama of a great Buddhist monastery, its courts, lotus-ponds, towers and pavilions, and its innumerable cells inhabited by pious celibates. In *The Abbey of Nalanda* Mr. Sitwell writes of a building that no longer exists. *The Kailasa of Ellora*, however, which he describes as " the summit of all Dravidian accomplishment," still stands, and several pages are devoted to this fantastic monument—pages that are both imaginative and archaeological. Let us hope that the book of which they are a fragment may one day be published *in extenso*. P. Q.

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Should the Elizabethans be acted ? Lamb, representing early nineteenth-century criticism, said No ; the poetic content of the plays was too great and complex to be put across on any stage. Modern research into the nature and conditions of the Elizabethan theatre reversed the decision ; the plays were plays, and should be judged as such. And now Miss Bradbrook, in a book which is at once the offspring and the summing up of this research, has qualified and combined the two extremes in a new and acceptable " apparatus of approach." She is sure that " the essential structure of Elizabethan drama lies not in the narrative or the character but in the words " ; equally sure that " to refer to the play as though ' the pattern of imagery ' or some other kindred abstraction were the axis of it . . . is as absurd as its antithesis."

The first section of the book elaborates these two themes in a demonstration of the (to us) extraordinary insensitiveness of the Elizabethans to logical development in narrative, and their equally surprising awareness of words and their connections. This demonstration is conducted on three levels. First, the conventions of production : the Elizabethan stage was unlocalised (as everybody knows by now), and the acting completely stylised (about this there might, I think, be some controversy). Both emphasised the words, rather than the accompanying action which presented, without attempting to define, the feeling of the play. Nothing was left for the acting or stage business alone to interpret ; all was explicit in the text, even down to the internal agonies of poisoned tyrants. On the plane of narrative and character, too, the same conventionality persisted. The stories of the plays were mostly historical or legendary, and were therefore accepted even when not " true to life " ; and the fact that, to please a mixed audience, a play had to contain singing, fighting, dumb-shows, clowning, and a fair sprinkling of maxims and mottos, made realism impossible. The action could not be a logical progress ; it was, in fact, a series of excuses for striking situations and the emotions arising from them. Its very lack of homogeneity allowed that juxtaposition of " mirth in funeral and dirge in marriage " which is among the greatest of Elizabethan effects. The same is true of character : a single personage could well contain in himself two incompatible personalities of good and evil, or change from one type to its opposite with only a word or two of apology. Finally, Elizabethan conventions of reading, writing and listening—the education that grounded a child in rhetoric, and expected him to memorise the gist of long and difficult sermons, the fashion that kept table-books of conversation and play-tags—all are behind the web of verbal connections and implications which is the essential structure of an Elizabethan tragedy.

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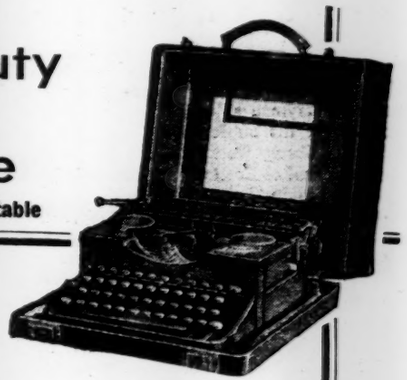

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a pity it should go to waste; and the presence of the card-index can be felt behind every page. But in an argument of this kind the proofs are bound to be cumulative; and Miss Bradbrook has plenty of happy phrases and neat illustrations which make the bombardment a pleasant one.

The second half of the book is occupied with specimen applications of the critical apparatus evolved in the first. Here Miss Bradbrook has been unwise. Every reader will make his own application, and one that attempts to satisfy all will probably convince none. Where the dramatic method is fairly straightforward, in Marlowe, in the poets of the decadence, even in Tourneur, Miss Bradbrook's analysis is clear and penetrating, without being very new or striking. But where the themes and connections are less distinct, she is not so successful. Imagery is a thing which must be studied exhaustively or not at all; and in the chapters on Webster and Middleton, the author's own conventions of reading and writing may jar upon the reader. The whole section would have been better published separately, and Miss Bradbrook fetters herself unjustly by declaring, in the preface, that "the full significance of the first part can only be seen through the light which it throws on the second." The first part can stand very well by itself.

It is a pity that Shakspeare should have been deliberately excluded from consideration, on the ground that "he is so different from his contemporaries, particularly in the matter of characterisation, that it is unfair to judge them by him." Shakspeare's use of the conventions, though more subtle than that of his contemporaries, well bears out Miss Bradbrook's argument; and the book would probably have a wider public if his name was on the cover. Happily Miss Bradbrook does not practise what she preaches; examples from Shakspeare are frequent; and the ordinary reader will find here as much enlightenment on Prince Hal's caddish exploitation of Falstaff, or Helen of Narbon's unladylike behaviour and even less decorous language, as on the misdemeanours of non-Shakspearean characters. For the rest, the book is indispensable to the producer who wishes to work in a spirit of intelligent antiquarianism, and to the student who would like to discover why he no longer scores full marks for a contemptuous dismissal of Middleton's sub-plots.

RICHARD DAVID

SHORTER NOTICES

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This is a book which will interest every professional librarian and a great many laymen as well. Mr. Headicar speaks with unquestioned authority on his subject; he has had nearly half a century's experience of library work, and was for twenty-five years librarian of the London School of Economics. He deals here in admirable fashion with a number of topics that come under the heading of organisation—buildings and equipment, ventilation and lighting, staffing, book selection, finance. He draws for his illustrations and facts on an acquaintance that covers a wide range of libraries, municipal and county and university, both at home and abroad. His book is not only an invaluable manual, full of sound practical advice for the working librarian; it is a real contribution to the literature of library science.

The Treaty of Versailles and After. By LORD RIDDELL, PROFESSOR C. K. WEBSTER, PROFESSOR ARNOLD TOYNBEE, PROFESSOR DENIS SAURAT, BARON WERNER VON RHEINBABEN, SENATORE FORGES DAVANZATI, MRS. M. TAPPAN HOLLAND, THE MARQUESS OF READING, SIR NORMAN ANGELL. *Allen and Unwin.* 5s.

The publishers describe this collection of broadcast talks delivered last year as "an exercise in the increasingly important art of sifting controversial opinion." No better description of the public service that is being performed by the B.B.C., within certain limits, could have been found. Yet it applies far less to these commentaries on the Versailles Treaty than might be expected. The German spokesman alone holds up a distorting mirror; he talks, for instance, of "the war into which Germany staggered as the ally of Austria-Hungary, who was attacked. True, she had considered it necessary to punish Serbia for the murder of her future sovereign . . .," and in talking of the December, 1932, pledge of "equality of status" he omits all reference to the essential condition about "a system of security for all nations." But Lord Reading deals faithfully with these lapses in his judicial summing-up. Sir Norman Angell demonstrates that the only "security" under the conditions imposed by air power is in internationally organised defence, and Professor Toynbee in a series of brilliant chapters shows us the constructive purpose of the peace-makers, by the side of the notion of retributive justice, natural enough when "the world and his wife" sincerely believed Germany to be mainly responsible for the war. The general effect of the symposium is to vindicate the peace-makers whose least defensible action was to make peace *without* instead of *with* the Germans.

The Faith of a Schoolmaster. By E. SHARWOOD SMITH. *Methuen.* 6s

The author of this book was for twenty-one years Headmaster of Newbury Grammar School, where he introduced reforms which at the time must have been considered revolutionary. His experience and the conclusions which he has drawn from it make an interesting book, which states the case for the educational *via media*. It may not be of great interest to the handful of modern pioneers, but the majority of schoolmasters should find these sensible and humane opinions both stimulating to read and difficult to rebut.

I Worked For The Soviet. By COUNTESS ALEXANDRA TOLSTOY. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

The Countess Alexandra Tolstoy, who is Tolstoy's youngest daughter, did not leave Russia until 1929. At the outbreak of the February revolution she was in charge of a hospital at the front. From that time onwards she suffered many vicissitudes. She was more than once in prison. She organised the Tolstoy estate into a communal centre, of so Tolstoyan a kind that it is queer it lasted as long as it did. She formed the Tolstoy Society, sorted out, copied, and edited a great mass of Tolstoy manuscripts, and then was only allowed to produce a small edition of one thousand copies at three hundred roubles the set. She seems also to have been continually travelling by train, an experience which was clearly among the most unpleasant of all experiences at a most unpleasant time. Of her courage, her pertinacity, her loyalty to Tolstoy's ideas as well as to her class there can be no doubt, and she writes of what she remembers with very little bitterness, considerable powers of observation, and a bewildered incomprehension that has a certain charm.

About Motoring

A BOROUGH AND ITS ACCIDENTS

By the courtesy of the local police I have been able to study their analysis of road accidents occurring during 1934 in a small seacoast borough of some 21,000 inhabitants, a figure considerably swollen during the summer months by a great influx of visitors, many of whom bring their motor-cars. It is not a place which caters for either railway or charabanc trippers. The gross figures for 1934 were a total of 231 accidents, which resulted in one death and seventy-two cases of personal injury. The most significant fact emerging from analysis is that the vast majority of the accidents occurred at or near road junctions. It so happens that this borough contains a great many blind and semi-blind crossroads, and that the relative importance of such joining roads is not apparent to a stranger. The charts and records contain hardly any instances of smashes caused by sheer speed either along straight open roads or near bends in twisting roads. The high proportion of injuries to deaths confirms the impression that in this area most accidents consist of slight errors of judgment when irregular streams of vehicles are approaching a road junction from various quarters of the compass, and there is neither law nor signal to concede right of way to an individual vehicle or stream of vehicles. The borough boasts but one set of traffic light signals. Oddly enough, though the local authority faced the expense of installing these lights at what was considered the most dangerous point in the area, the number of accidents at this point was about double that registered in any of the preceding three years when no lamps protected the junction.

Secondly, it is quite clear that the root cause of accidents is the inability of man to accommodate himself to traffic which is much thicker than it used to be, and faster than it was in days when the cyclist was the speediest traveller on the road, and the four-horse coach was the next fastest. This identifies speed as the culprit, but in this area the word "speed" must be used in a very limited sense. It does not here imply high speed; obviously, 231 accidents, of which 120 were collisions between vehicles, cannot occur at high speed without producing more than one death. Most of the accidents occurred at legal speeds, and at speeds which must be accounted low in terms of a motoring era; but these speeds are too high for man to escape blunders. The police report that most of the accidents occurred at speeds well inside the new speed limit, which comes into force on March 18th. But it must be remembered that when four irregular traffic streams are approaching a cross roads with all individual vehicles moving at twenty miles an hour, any two vehicles travelling in opposed directions are closing each other, as a sailor would say, at forty miles an hour.

Proceeding with the analysis, 120 accidents were collisions between two or more vehicles (23 injured people); 37 were collisions between motorists and cyclists (22 injured persons); 45 were collisions between motor vehicles and other objects (walls,

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A. and C. BLACK

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SUMMARY OF THE SEVENTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1934.

INCOME.	LIFE BRANCHES. Premium Income	£12,914,066
	FIRE AND ACCIDENT BRANCHES. Premium Income	£1,153,723
	TOTAL INCOME £17,635,860	
CLAIMS.	LIFE BRANCHES. The Life Claims and Matured Endowments paid and outstanding numbered 351,817 and amounted with Bonuses to	£6,875,311
	FIRE AND ACCIDENT BRANCHES. Claims paid and outstanding amounted to	£537,424
	TOTAL CLAIMS PAID £92,415,403	
FUNDS.	INCREASE IN FUNDS	£4,974,851
	TOTAL FUNDS £83,644,856	
BONUS.	ORDINARY BRANCH. A simple Reversionary Bonus has been declared on Pearl Policies entitled to participate in full profits at the rate of	£2 - 0 - 0 per cent.
	INDUSTRIAL BRANCH. To provide Reversionary Bonuses on Policies, with certain exceptions, effected before 1st January, 1928, a sum has been set aside amounting to	£603,319

GEORGE TILLEY,
Chairman.

lamp posts, etc., etc.) (four injured persons); 23 were collisions between motor vehicles and pedestrians (19 injured persons); and five were collisions between cycles and pedestrians (three injured persons). No separate statistics of motor-cycle accidents were preserved. No horse-drawn vehicles were concerned in any accidents whatsoever; but the number of horse-drawn vehicles in the borough is infinitesimal. There are very few cyclists in the borough, where the residents are mostly elderly. Cycling is practically limited to errand boys, school children, and a few working men, who prefer the cycle to an excellent tram and bus service as a method of transport between home and work. As cyclists, being few in number, figured in one-sixth of the accidents, whilst pedestrians (numbering approximately 21,000) figured in only one-tenth of the accidents, there is an obvious suggestion that cyclists are decidedly irresponsible. This irresponsibility in the area under notice must be ascribed to youth, as few of the small number of cyclists who ride in the borough are over eighteen years of age.

Two of the roads in the borough possess a certain notoriety as being the scene of fast driving. Both are long, straight, of excellent surface, carry very light traffic, and are tolerably free from side turnings. Either is an incentive to a fast driver to open up his engine. These two roads together were the scene of twenty-nine accidents, most of which occurred in the neighbourhood of side turnings. Nowhere else in the borough is high speed possible, and the deduction is once more that absolute high speed, e.g., a pace exceeding 30 m.p.h., is a negligible factor in the traffic returns of this particular area.

It is now easy to visualise the problem which confronts those who endeavour to reduce the toll of human life on the roads. Here we have a vast weight of motor traffic, which during the summer months becomes genuinely heavy and congests the roads. The roads by their nature demand no speed limit, for they automatically slow the traffic to speeds below any likely to be imposed by national ordinance. In spite of these natural safety factors there are two accidents every three days. A tiny percentage of these are due to the exuberance of speed-loving motorists, and a few more to reckless or unskilful riding of pedal cycles. The remainder, comprising the vast bulk of the return, are due to the average human being's failure to meet the demands of traffic moving at twenty miles an hour and closing at forty miles an hour. This failure is due to momentary lapses in vigilance, to a slow reaction period, sheer want of imagination, and to minor recklessnesses. Very different deductions would necessarily be drawn in areas of a different character. In this specialised area the police have no complaints to make about reckless driving. They see little or no purpose in fresh legislation, or in installing such regulators as robot signals. Their pointsmen observe the traffic, and notice nothing to complain of. But four or five times a week somebody rams somebody else at quite a low speed. The circumstances of each impact vary extraordinarily in detail. A. swings wide out of a blind corner and grazes B, who was approaching in a perfectly skilful and law-abiding fashion, but being surprised by A, cannot stop quite soon enough. C darts out from behind a parked car, and is bumped by D, who was purring along at twelve miles an hour; and so forth. It baffles the wit of the local authorities to safeguard their traffic any further. Such an analysis, while not representative of the country as a whole, suggests that we should be foolish to expect any instantaneous and substantial reduction in the accident catalogue. R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 259

Set by Raymond Mortimer

The speeches of prominent members of the National Government have been increasingly irradiated by a resolutely cheerful spirit like that shown in the poems of Mrs. Wilhelmina Stitch. For poems expressing in her style the attitude of any one of them we offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half-a-Guinea.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, March 8th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 257

Set by Winifred Holtby

"Any book can be sold by its title," said an American publisher recently. Competitors are invited to submit titles which they believe could make best sellers of the following:

A scientific treatise on the nature of the stratosphere.
An autobiography by the Dean of Westminster.
A history of the Thirty Years War.
A study of the Lutheran Movement in Iceland.
An account of the political philosophy of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.
Another description of Modern Russia.

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best entries.

Report by Winifred Holtby

The idea that "any book can be sold on a good title" is one that is more widely held than I had imagined. One hundred and twenty-four competitors apparently felt capable of transforming library lumber into best-sellers, and though the results were very uneven, only fifteen competitors failed to raise one smile from the domestic committee which I co-opted to assist me in making my awards. A mining engineer, an alderman, an intelligent woman of the type set down in Government statistics, I believe, as "housewife and mother," acted as court of appeal.

There are certain requisites for a good selling title which some competitors overlooked. A footnote to one entry informed me that the three great selling words are God, Sex and Blood; but it seems to me that some connection with the subject of the book is also desirable: that to outrage conventional verbal tabus is to eliminate from the list of buyers all the vast respectability of the Great Nonconformist and Family Public; and that obscurity, even if it results in a first-class joke, will not appeal to the wide ranks of the uninitiated.

There were also deliberate snags in this competition. I regret to say that a large number of competitors who are obviously well acquainted with physics, history and theological technicalities appear to be unaware that the Dean of Westminster is the protector of public monuments and the organiser of royal marriages, but not the great authority on Plotinus and the Modern Girl, his eminent ex-colleague at St. Paul's. On the other hand, I confess I had not realised the possibilities of popularising a history of the Thirty Years War under such disarming titles (a large flock of them) as *Tilly, Wally and Gus*. However, if any enterprising publisher is thinking of commissioning books on the following subjects, here are some titles for them.

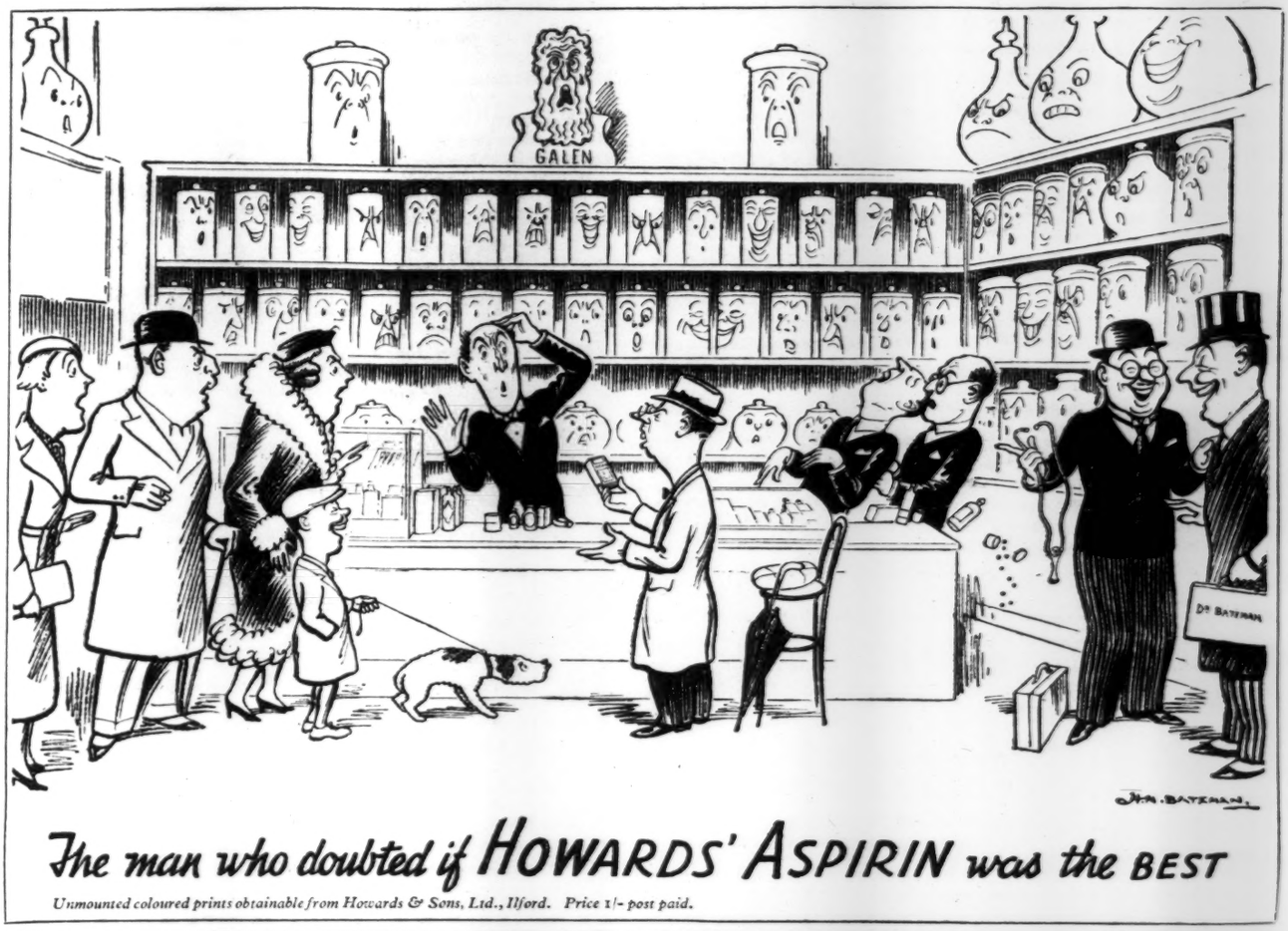
A Scientific Treatise on the Nature of the Stratosphere: *Ups a Daisy* (Jaxim), *Next to Nothing* (Cyril F. Best), *Give Him Air!* (Denis and Mary Botterill), *Highly Exclusive Circles* (H. C. Riddell), *Going Up? Going Up?* (D. M. Moore), *Not Yet Your Heaven* (R. C. Atterton), *Relief from Pressure Guaranteed* (Halbert Tatlock), *Virgin Coverlet* (Saevio).

An Autobiography of the Dean of Westminster. (I apologise to Dean Foxley-Norris for the irreverence of some of his admirers.) Four competitors coincided with *Gas and Gaiters*. Comins was subtle with his double joke, *Foxes Have Holes*. Kate O'Brien must be responsible for Freed's suggestion, *Without My Gaiters*. I liked Guy Innes' pun, *Ich Dean!* Cernel was ingenious with *Royal and Peculiar*, but needed the gloss that *The Abbey is a Royal Peculiar*. *Not So Gloomy* (Paturia), *Marshalling Marina, with the Chapter on a K.C.B.* (A. W.), *Nice Goings On*, by a Dean (John E. Woods).

A History of the Thirty Years War suggested two entirely different types of title—the Horrifying and the Facetious. Of the first class, here are a few suggestions: *Torture and Rape—a Curious History of the Thirty Years War* (I. L. F.), *Rivers of Blood* (E. L. O.), *Blood on Thirty Calendars* (Cholmondoley fflip). Of the second, several tried variations on *Tilly, Wally and Gus*, *The Gallivantings of Gus* (D. M. Moore), *The Record Bump-off* (Jaxim) and *Tilly and the Bohemian* (Kim).

A Study of the Lutheran Movement in Iceland lent itself to agreeable variations on the themes of Ice, Hell, Martin, Geysers and Depressions. *God Among the Geysers* (Cyril F. Best), *It Left Them Cold* (Denis and Mary Botterill), *Hell Freezes* (T. I. F. Boody), *Passionate Ice* (H. L. P. Driffield), *Iced Martini* (Two Competitors), *Tracts in the Snow* (Carolian).

An Account of the Political Philosophy of Ramsay MacDonald called forth perhaps the ripest crop of insult: *The Duchesses' Kisses*, or *On and On* (A. G. R.) (*On and On and On*, or *Up and Up and Up*, I may note, were offered in about equal numbers both for Mr. MacDonald and the Stratosphere.) *Ramsay Yea and Nay* (Dion Clayton Calthrop), *Love-in-the-Mist* (Freda White), *The Old Lady Shows Her Muddles* (R. C. Atterton), *Where the Rainbow Blends* (Olric), *Banks and Brays*



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TO LET, Gordon Square, furnished two-roomed flat overlooking garden. Moderate rent to suitable tenant. Box 684, N.S. & N., 10, Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

FURNISHED bed-sitting room to let, suitable for student. Excellent bookshelves. Gas fire, sink and tap, divan bed, use of bathroom, telephone in house, five minutes walk from Chalk Farm Station. 15s. a week. With breakfast and service, 25s. MRS. BOYD, 26 St. George's Square, Primrose Hill. Primrose 5140.

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(W. H. M.), *The Empty Tumbler* (Freed), *Lossiemouth Wind* (Janet Jekyll).

It was harder to deal successfully with Another Description of Modern Russia, but we all agreed that we should be tempted by: 100,000,000 *Perverts* (I. L. F.), *Hail Tractor!* (Toby), *Red Sickle—Golden Corn?* (Somborne), *They Took It as Red* (W. Leslie Nicholls), *Cogs of War* (Chokra), *To What Red Heaven?* (Ecco), *Sex Life Under the Ogpu* (C. P. H.), and, though the appeal might be poignant rather than universal, *Gollancz Goes Himself* (Bork).

After considerable debate, the following were selected as the best all-round lists:

FIRST PRIZE

1. *Serene Highness* (or the Physical Nature of the Stratosphere).
2. *Deans Do See Life* (or the Autobiography of the Dean of Westminster).
3. *Tilly-Wally* (or the History of the Thirty Years War).
4. *Martin Cuts No Ice* (or the Lutheran Movement in Iceland).
5. *Ramsay's Goings On* (or the Political Philosophy of Ramsay MacDonald).
6. *Ladoga Ladies* (or Russia Revisited).

ALEXANDER BELL

SECOND PRIZE

1. *Above the Bright Blue Sky.*
2. *From Apronstring to Apron.*
3. *One Damned Religion After Another.*
4. *Low Platitudes in High Latitudes.*
5. *The Macdonaldology of Ramsay.*
6. *Better than Castrol: How We Liquidate the Kulaks.*

E. F. C.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 114.—THE NEUROTIC

[By request]

The S.S. *Neurotic* carrying gold from the Cape to London, was torpedoed on August 18th, 1917, not far from the Canary Islands. The following memorandum was subsequently found among the wreckage:

ONCUIRET MITIOLWL
INOLSGNO GODINTIS
EHNDHOTL

Decode.

PROBLEM 112.—OVERHEARD

In effect the problem is to divide 100 into n shares, of which "none are equal and the smallest is the largest possible," where the only clue to n is that the division can be effected in "half a dozen ways."

Trial will show that for no value of n can there be six ways exactly; "half a dozen" therefore means here "about six" and n must equal 10. (In no other case is the number of divisions consistent with the data anywhere in the neighbourhood of six).

Possible divisions are:

5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	19
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	14	18
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	15	17
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	13	14	17
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	13	15	16
5	6	7	8	9	10	12	13	14	16
5	6	7	8	9	11	12	13	14	15

Hence the speaker's expectation

$$= £100\left(\frac{19 + 18 + 17 + 17 + 16 + 16 + 15}{7}\right)$$

$$= £1,685 +$$

But he has been offered £1,700 *and hence he should accept the offer.*

PROBLEM 111.—SUBURBS

A set of Low's Cartoons goes to: W. S. Hulton, 2 The Schools, Shrewsbury, Shropshire. There were 218 correct solutions.

Three points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

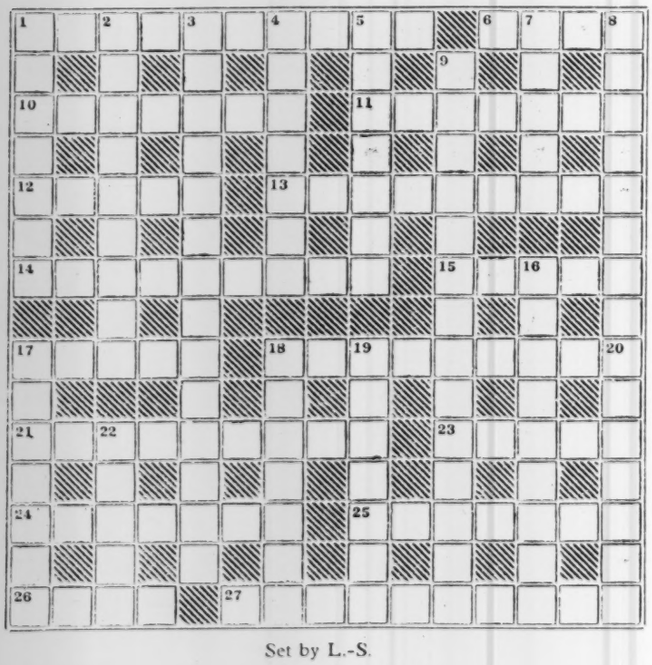
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 260

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

Mrs. J. T. Whitley, Ellerslea, The Avenue, Claygate, Surrey.

ACROSS

1. Mounting white horses.
6. Healing sequel to feeling a bit sore.
10. Ay, turn this verse into song.
11. A seems to be off for a ride.
12. Drink that muddles correct V.A.D.
13. Where many enemy warships were sunk.
14. Pathological beams in the eye?
15. Would such eyes make ornaments for savages?
17. Some do it in the hope of getting a mate.
18. A misfit in 2.
21. Mirror for Sunday.
23. He was a centenarian before he began to exist.
24. Art isn't seen in a heavenly passage.
25. "Iris there with humid bow Waters the —— banks."
26. A bit of 22.
27. The pit of an open-air theatre?

DOWN

1. An unnamed railway in St. Ives.
2. The result of drilling?
3 and 9. How and where to go to see beauty mounted with musical accompaniment.
4. An actress with a sly idea.
5. A great come down in America.
7. Hasn't its lock in the gate, but *vice versa*.
8. Most people think their own road is.
9. See 3.
16. They have land and water feet.
17. The interesting sort of place London is.
18. Kittenish things to lose tail first.
19. Virtuous way to describe one who is tight?
20. Found out by the visitor of course.
22. 26*s*. between wickets.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

C	U	T	L	A	S	S	■	P	O	R	T	I	C	O
O	■	A	■	R	■	L	■	O	■	E	■	D	■	N
M	U	L	A	T	T	O	■	L	E	V	E	R	E	T
U	■	L	■	I	■	T	■	E	■	I	■	I	■	H
S	C	O	T	C	H	H	A	N	D	S	■	S	E	E
■	■	R	■	L	■	S	■	T	■	E	■	■	■	S
D	O	D	D	E	R	■	H	A	N	D	I	C	A	P
U	■	E	■	■	■	O	■	■	■	L	■	O	■	■
C	A	R	D	G	A	M	E	■	A	S	S	O	R	T
K	■	■	■	O	■	O	■	C	■	T	■	C	■	■
B	A	R	■	C	O	C	K	A	L	E	E	K	I	E
O	■	I	■	A	■	K	■	N	■	E	■	W	■	S
A	S	P	E	R	S	E	■	T	O	P	B	O	O	T
R	■	O	■	T	■	R	A	■	L	■	R	■	O	■
D	Y	N	A	S	T	Y	■	B	R	E	A	K	U	P

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. The Dominant Sex. Wed., S.

ALHAMBRA. Wednesday & Saturday. The National Ballet of Lithuania.

APOLLO. Hyde Park Corner. Wed. & Sat.

COLISEUM. Televariety. Sat.

COMEDY. Mrs. Nobby Clark. Wed., Sat.

DRURY LANE. Cinderella. Daily at 2.0.

DUCHESS. Wed. & Sat. The Moon in the Yellow River.

DUKE of YORK'S. For the Defence. W. S.

GLOBE. Youth at the Helm. Tues., Thur.

HIPPODROME. Yes, Madam? Th. & Sat.

KINGSWAY. Murder in Motley. Wed. & Sat.

LYRIC. Theatre Royal. Wed. & Sat.

PHOENIX. Mary Read. This Sat.

PICCADILLY. Wednesday & Saturday. The Barretts of Wimpole Street.

QUEEN'S. Wind & the Rain. Wed. & Sat.

ST. JAMES'. The Shining Hour. Wed., Thur.

ST. MARTIN'S. Man of Yesterday. Tu., Fri.

SAVOY. Hi-Diddle Diddle! Wed., Sat.

VAUDEVILLE. Summer's Lease. W., Sat.

WESTMINSTER. Weds. & Sats. Happy and Glorious.

WHITEHALL. Viceroy Sarah. Tues. & Sat.

WYNDHAM'S. Sweet Aloes. Wed. & Sat.

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THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Tem. 6404.
Evgs., 8.30 sharp. Mats., Wed. & Sat., at 2.30.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
By Michael Egan.

APOLLO. (Ger. 2663). 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
HYDE PARK CORNER by Walter Hackett.
MARION LORNE. GODFREY TEARLE.
GORDON HARKER. J. H. ROBERTS.

COLISEUM, Charing Cross. Temple Bar 3161.
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MARIE NEY in
MRS. NOBBY CLARK

DRURY LANE. Tem. 7171.
Twice Daily at 2 & 7.45.
CINDERELLA PANTOMIME.
LAST WEEK.

DUCHESS. Catherine St., W.C.2. Tem. 8243.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30. A Comedy,
THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER

DUKE OF YORK'S. Temple Bar 5122.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MATHESON LANG and BEATRIX THOMSON in
FOR THE DEFENCE, by J. HASTINGS TURNER.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evenings, 8.30.
Mats., Tues. & Thurs., at 2.30.
OWEN NARES,
ADELE DIXON, KAY HAMMOND in
YOUTH AT THE HELM.

HIPPODROME. 8.15. Thur., Sat., 2.30. (Ger. 3272).
BOBBY HOWES & BINNIE HALE in
"YES, MADAM?"
Vera Pearce. Wylie Watson. Bertha Belmore.

KINGSWAY. (Hol. 4032).
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
ENID STAMP-TAYLOR, BERNARD LEE in
MURDER IN MOTLEY.

LYRIC. Ger. 3686-7. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST MADGE TITTHERADGE ROBERT DOUGLAS.
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FLORA ROBSON in
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LESLIE BANKS in
MAN OF YESTERDAY.

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Douglas BYNG, Greta NISSEN, John TILLEY
in the Walker-Nesbitt Revue,
"HI-DIDDLE DIDDLE!"

VAUDEVILLE. Props. J. & R. Gatti. Tem. 4871.
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VICEROY SARAH.

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CROYDON Repertory.
Evenings 8. Sat., 5 & 8.15.
Ghosts. By Henrik Ibsen.

HARROGATE White Rose Players.
Evenings 8.15. Sat., 6.35 & 9.
To True To Be Good. By G. Bernard Shaw.

LIVERPOOL Repertory.
Evenings 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
Duet in Floodlight. By J. B. Priestley.

MANCHESTER Repertory.
Evenings 7.30.
The Power & the Glory. By E. L. Stanway

NORTHAMPTON Repertory.
Evenings 6.30 & 8.50.
The Cardinal. By Louis N. Parker.

PLYMOUTH Repertory.
Evenings 7.45. Fri., 8.15. Mats., Sat., 2.45.
Sixteen. By Aimee & Philip Stuart

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

TIN AND GAMBLING—SUCCESS OF TIN RESTRICTION—SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD TAXATION AND GOLD SHARES

BUSINESS is business, and, naturally, business boys will be boys. This being so it is somewhat ingenuous on the part of the tin critics to suggest that it is wicked for tin company directors to gamble in tin. Even if they were to gamble in other commodities they would be no more wicked than other business men. I am sure that newspaper men would not like to be thought wicked because their job of gathering news entails a little bribery. As competition in the newspaper race to be first with the dirt makes gambling in libel part of their daily work, it does not come well from the daily press to be shocked at the disclosure of a private pool in tin outside the official "buffer" pool. However, it is good that Mr. Louis Hardy has resigned from the Board of the Anglo-Oriental Mining Corporation because he was mixed up in the shellac gamble as managing director of Williams Henry. The Anglo-Oriental group has informed the Secretary of the Stock Exchange that it has not been concerned in any of the produce pools, but that one subsidiary company holds 55 tons of pepper. In my view, it is mere humbug to expect private business to give up working for private profit just because Governments have imposed a restriction of output scheme. Of course, it would have been better if the Governments had taken over the whole industry during the period of control, but if there is any case for suspicion of the tin control I hope that it will be thrashed out in Parliament in the debate next week. If the real charge is that the Governments are in the pockets of the private interests, that is a serious matter for the Governments to answer.

* * *

As to the principle of a restriction scheme for the tin industry there can be no two opinions if it is true that the known reserves of tin are lower than those of any other metal which is in large demand. As Captain Oliver Lyttelton remarked in an article in the *Financial News*, "Restriction is based on the theory that it is wrong to exhaust short-lived reserves by producing more than actual consumption will absorb, and wrong to obtain adjustment between production and consumption by means of bankruptcy. Bankruptcy is no doubt a comfortable doctrine for the Manchester School economist, but it can hardly commend itself to those who are trustees of the large amounts of public capital which have been invested in the tin industry." The adjustment which the International Tin Committee has effected without bankrupting any portion of the tin industry—although a certain amount of unemployment has necessarily been caused—is shown in the preliminary statistics published by the Hague Statistical Office of the International Tin Research and Development Council.

	1933.	1934.
World production	84,963 tons	107,700 tons
World consumption in manufacture	134,000 „	130,000 „
World stocks (end of year)	27,572 „	17,107 „
Average price for year ..	£195	£230

At the end of January, 1935, the world's visible stocks amounted to 15,127 tons, or 12 per cent. of the current annual rate of consumption. The International Tin Committee is to be congratulated upon a competent piece of work. Now it is being criticised for keeping the price of tin too high, and recent events in the tin market suggest that it agrees that there is some truth in this criticism. In the middle of the month the spot price of tin was £226½ per ton and the forward price £221¾ per ton; that is, there was a "backwardation" of nearly £5 per ton. Then came a sudden spurt—spot rising to £229¾ and forward (three months) advancing in sympathy to £225½. After the spurt a sharp fall—spot falling to £219½ and forward to £215¾. The explanation is that certain interests opposed to the restriction scheme (a well-known firm of brokers is mentioned) sold "short" and were squeezed. Having let the bears get out at a price, the buffer pool, which is under the management of representatives of the controlling four Governments, released some supplies and brought down the price to £216 per ton spot, and £212½ forward. I think £200 per ton would probably satisfy the critics. Investors should be satisfied by a purchase of British Tin Investment 10*s.* shares at 11*s.* to yield £6 16*s.* 3*d.* per cent. on dividends of 7½ per cent. These shares have been as high as 17*s.* 6*d.*

As it is fashionable to discuss whether we are living in a boom or a depression, it is fitting for Mr. Angas to call his new book *Boom or Slump in Gold*, the sequel to his *Coming Slump in Gold* Looking at the South African Budget no one in South Africa will question whether there has been a gold boom. Unfortunately, last year's taxation of the gold industry yielded £1,000,000 less than the Finance Minister anticipated, largely because the mining groups evaded E.P.D. by milling lower-grade ore and speeding up development work. The Finance Minister in his new Budget takes steps to get his full 50 per cent. of the excess profits. He budgets for an additional £1,350,000 from the gold mines by way of the excess profits tax, and he proposes to secure this sum by (1) limiting the amount of capital expenditure qualifying for relief of excess profits tax to £1,500,000—the amount so charged in 1934 was about £2,500,000, so that in 1935 the mines will get relief only in respect of 60 per cent. of their capital expenditure—and (2) making a surcharge on the existing excess profits tax of 35 per cent. The worst of the second provision is that those mines which are already heavily hit by the excess profits tax may have to pay a proportionately heavy surcharge (Crown Mines for example), but no doubt they will endeavour to avoid this nuisance by mining higher-grade ore. Of course, if the excess profits duty on the old basis produces what Mr. Havenga wants, namely, 50 per cent. of the excess profits, as calculated under the Act of 1933, with a margin, the application of the 35 per cent. surcharge will not be necessary. Mr. Havenga has, in fact, promised that provision will be made for a pro rata remission of any surplus over 50 per cent. of the excess profits. How the "pro rata remission" will be made is not clear—no South African budget ever is made clear—but the market is not inclined to regard Mr. Havenga's proposals as damaging the investment merits of South African gold shares. Indeed, in view of the political and monetary risks of investment in British industrial shares, the Stock Exchange is turning again to "Kaffirs" as a "funk-hole."

	Present Purchase Price.	Double Dec., 1934, Dividend.	Yield % (allowing for Dom. Inc. Tax, but not for Amortisation.)
Brakpan £1	8 3/32	11/–	£6 18 3
Cons. Main Reef ..	3 11/16	5/–	7 9 0
Crowns	14½	18/–	7 2 3
Geduld	9 7/32	14/–	8 5 6
Randfontein	55/3	3/6	7 2 9
Sub Nigel 10/– ..	12 29/32	16/–	7 0 0

The yields obtainable on South African gold shares, even after allowing for amortisation, are attractive enough to justify a part exchange from British industrial "equities."

Company Meeting

SELFRIDGE & COMPANY

THE 27th Annual Ordinary General Meeting was held on Tuesday at the Company's Store, Oxford Street, W. Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge (Managing Director), Chairman, presiding, said (in part):

The results of the Selfridge Group of businesses, all of which were controlled by Selfridge and Co., Ltd., showed a happy increase for each of the past three years, the totals being: For the year ending January 31st, 1935, £734,000; for the year ending January 31st, 1934, £704,000; and for the year ending January 31st, 1933, £673,000. These progressively favourable figures were duplicated in the Balance-sheet of Selfridge and Co., Ltd., which showed a result which was not displeasing. The Company's returns were higher, both in the first half and in the second, than they were a year ago, but the six weeks before Christmas, which was the harvest time of all the year, were so unseasonable in weather that the Company was adversely affected.

He was of the opinion that had the weather been kinder their net figures at Selfridge's would have touched the £400,000 point, but even as it was, twenty-nine of their selling departments had the highest figures they had ever shown. Their number of transactions showed an increase, and their number of times stock turned was higher.

Their net profit was £375,139 and it was proposed to pay 5 per cent. on the ordinary shares for the year against 3 per cent. last year and to carry forward £90,100 against £85,035 for the year before.

The Board looked forward to 1935 with excellent expectations. Great Britain was gradually and he believed surely climbing out of the valley of unhappy depression. This year inherited the impetus of 1934. Everyone seemed to be trying and everyone seemed to be determined.

The report was unanimously adopted.

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